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THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY in getting any State to pass a measure of social legislation such as unemployment insurance is its fear that in so doing it will put its manufacturers at a competitive disadvantage in comparison with the industries of other States which do not have such legislation. A statesman-like way of meeting this situation so as to promote the passage of unemployment insurance is contained in the bill recently introduced in Congress by Senator Wagner of New York and Representative David J. Lewis of Maryland. This bill provides for an excise tax of 5 per cent on the pay rolls of firms employing ten or more workers, which is to be returned to firms that are required to make contributions under State laws to unemployment-insurance funds. The measure, which was drafted in part by officials in the United States Department of Labor and was unanimously indorsed by the recent Federal Conference on Labor Legislation which Secretary Perkins called in Washington, should speed up unemployment-insurance legislation by the States. For a State which took such action after the passage of this bill would not increase the burden upon its employers, but would instead merely transfer the funds from federal to State use. It would, moreover, not subject its industries to interstate competition, since the laggards would be required to make an equal contribution to the federal Treasury. And yet each State would be left free to enact the type of unemployment insurance which it thought best, whether on the basis of the State-wide fund, according to the Ohio plan, or the system of plant reserves provided in the Wisconsin act. The Wagner-Lewis bill is federalism at its best. We hope that strong popular pressure will develop for the measure and that the President will urge its adoption.

SENATOR NYE of North Dakota, firmly convinced that the little business man is getting a raw deal under the NRA, has persuaded his colleagues to look into the big-business connections of the officials responsible for writing and enforcing many of the NRA codes. Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the majority leader, who did yeoman service for big business under the Hoover Administration, tried at first to bury the Nye resolution in committee, but this attempt was defeated despite the protests of Administration spokesmen. Unhappily, the Nye resolution does not go nearly far enough. It merely requests General Johnson to furnish the Senate with a report on the past and present business affiliations of his colleagues and subordinates in the NRA, and then only of those officials who are stationed in Washington. An investigation that would really determine whether the NRA codes are encouraging monopoly at the expense of the small manufacturers and small enterprises would of necessity have to be much broader. It would have to inquire into the extent to which prices are being fixed, markets apportioned, free competition restricted by credit manipulation, and other monopolistic practices resorted to. This is being done on a very small scale under the Senate resolution directing the Federal Trade Commission to look into the fixing of oil and steel prices as permitted by the NRA codes. The Nye resolution carries the inquiry another step in the same direction, but not far enough really to frighten the industrial and financial interests which have been gradually turning the NRA to their own purposes.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that Senator Nye does not stand alone in his belief that the NRA is chiefly benefiting big business. Precisely the same view is held by some of our outstanding business men and bankers. Henry Ford has publicly confessed that the NRA is doing him and "the country" a world of good. Although the Administration a few months ago seemed anxious to "crack down" on him, something it never actually got around to, it did not hesitate to express satisfaction over this indorsement. Charles G. Dawes, a tory if there ever was one, has discovered that the Roosevelt program put an end to the depression last October, for which he has uttered fervent thanks. Pierre S. du Pont, identified with some of the biggest monopoly interests in the country, said that when he went to Washington to head the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA he was frankly skeptical regarding the recovery program. But after a few weeks, having had an opportunity to see the NRA machinery working, he announced that he was not only satisfied that it would not harm business but that he was enthusiastic over the way in which it was helping business. Eugene Grace, head of Bethlehem Steel, wrote in a magazine article a few

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weeks ago that "the NRA has given industry an opportunity to act in unison in the interest of public policy without being handicapped by competition of the chiseling type and without the shackling effect of the anti-trust laws." Of course it is conceivable that these men have spoken out of pure altruism; but it must not be forgotten that their dominant interest has always been the maintenance and further development of their own big businesses, and that they look upon as chiselers those small business men who are able to undersell them because of more efficient methods or are forced to do so by the pressure of big-business competition.

LOOKING many years ahead, quite beyond the probable limit of his own tenure of office, the President has decided to set up a planning commission which would map a program for systematic physical development of the country. The program, which would take from twenty-five to fifty years to complete, would put rivers-and-harbors work on a scientific engineering basis, would provide for a system of essential commercial waterways, for reforestation, land reclamation, and the prevention of soil erosion. The Tennessee Valley project would, for example, be made a part of the plan. The President's proposal must be warmly approved. At present the maintenance and development of our rivers and harbors is haphazard at best, being left almost entirely to the whims and political log-rolling of Congress. The current public-works program, too, though it has met with few political difficulties, has been casually put together. Both the unemployed workers and the country as a whole would have profited much more had the public-works needs of the country been studied and provided for in advance. Much has been said in the past about waterways, flood prevention, reforestation, and land reclamation, but little of concrete value has been done in any of these fields except the last. It is only when the proponents of this program begin to talk of decentralizing industry in connection with waterway developments and land-reclamation schemes that they are likely to run into trouble. In a political democracy based on a profit economy it will not be found quite so easy to shift industries from one site to another or to move whole sections of the population from one area to another. But, then, there is no certainty that either our democracy or our private-profit economy will last out these next twenty-five or fifty years.

WHILE DOLLFUSS is making every effort to consolidate his forces outside Vienna, negotiations with Germany are evidently going on behind the scenes in an effort to head off, for the moment at least, the consequences that would arise if the struggle between National Socialists and Dollfuss fascists were permitted to continue. The result of these conversations may be the calling of a general election in which all except the outlawed labor parties would be permitted to participate. The German Nazis have always demanded new elections and promised to abide by the dictum of the people. They may safely continue to follow this course, for the suppression of the Social Democracy will have added to the already large number of their voters those who will be impelled by their hatred of Dollfuss to vote against the Chancellor and his party even at the price of supporting the Nazi cause. These, together with a not inconsiderable Heimwehr and Christian Social element which will also vote against Dollfuss, should guarantee the National Socialists 40 per cent or more of the votes cast, so that the new government will contain a representative number of National Socialists in its Cabinet. Dollfuss, the mass-murderer, will not be the coming Chancellor. Fey, or perhaps even Prince Starhemberg, will take his place to set the stage for complete Nazi control along the lines that proved so effective in Germany, where the Hitler government began with a Hitler-Hugenberg coalition. Italy, probably much against its wish, will have to support an understanding with the Hitler party —since a war over Austria at the present time would be even less to its taste—in the hope that the question of Anschluss will somehow be adjusted. Hitler will be content with a National Socialist government in Austria that will work in harmony with the economic and political interests of the German government, while Mussolini will strive so to strengthen his hold on the Balkan states that territorial union of the two German nations a few years from now will have lost its menacing possibilities. Against a community of nations embracing Germany, Austria, Italy, and Hungary, France would play a losing game even if it had Great Britain on its side, a supposition that is more than unlikely. The fascist nations on the Continent are coming to an understanding, and all Europe will have to fall in line.

TWICE IN A WEEK the MacDonald Government in Great Britain has found itself facing hostile benches and has been forced to count a challengingly close vote. The first time the Prime Minister was severely criticized for the government's stand on allowances to the unemployed. Although the weekly dole for a dependent child has been two shillings a week, there has been a strong protest to have this niggardly sum raised a shilling. Many Conservative members joined the Liberals and Laborites who were urging an increase in this particular payment. The government, in opposing the increase, won its point by a majority of fifty-two, the lowest since it took office in November, 1931. On the following day Premier MacDonald found himself beset from the other side, when the Conservatives severely criticized the government's policy in Ceylon, and a hostile motion was defeated by only forty-five votes, cutting the majority seven more. On Sunday, February 25, hunger marchers from all over Great Britain assembled in Hyde Park in a great anti-government demonstration. It probably means that poor Mr. MacDonald's chickens are coming home to roost; after two years of trying to please everybody and making forgiving speeches, he is about to find that he is pleasing nobody and may as well move on. Here is the former leader of the Labor Party and champion of the working man refusing an addition of twenty-five cents to the miserable dole for a child. But the Prime Minister, in choosing to lead a National instead of a Labor Government, long since left the workingman and his child to their fate. It would be ironical but perhaps not wholly surprising if that abandonment should bring Mr. MacDonald face to face with his own Nemesis.

THE KILLING of General Augusto Sandino, his brother, Socrates, and two other aides in the capital of Nicaragua is an ugly blot on the regime of President Sacasa, although no evidence has come to light to implicate him in the crime. Sandino, who led a long resistance to the rule of his country by a puppet government supported by business interests of the United States and a detachment of the marine

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corps, agreed to cease fighting a year ago, after the government had been reorganized under President Sacasa, and the marines had been withdrawn. He laid down most of his arms at that time and agreed to give up the rest a year later. He and his companions had been conferring with President Sacasa in regard to that agreement at a dinner—said by participants to have been a most friendly meeting—and were returning to their quarters when they were seized and murdered by members of the National Guard, which Sandino had denounced as an unconstitutional force. During the height of Sandino's resistance to United States intervention, in the winter of 1927-28, *The Nation* sent Carleton Beals into the Nicaraguan jungle to interview the leader. After many difficulties Mr. Beals succeeded, and presented Sandino's side of the controversy in *The Nation* and a considerable number of daily newspapers. Sandino was called a "bandit" by the State Department and the United States marines for fighting for the independence of his country against foreign exploitation. Men who took a similar stand against Great Britain in 1776 have passed into American history as "patriots." Query: Have our views changed in 150 years, or do the latest dictionaries define "bandit" and "patriot" as synonymous?

THE AIR is full of conservative fuss and feathers over the new ways in which the Constitution is in danger of being violated. May we point out that it continues to be violated in the old ways? At this writing Negroes are being refused service in public restaurants run for and controlled by Senators and Representatives whose function presumably is to uphold the Constitution. A few weeks ago the Negro secretary of Oscar de Priest, a colored but duly accredited member of the House of Representatives, was denied service in the House restaurant. Even a Southern gentleman could see that this was a bit thick, and by a tacit and presumably gentleman's agreement Representative De Priest and his guests are now allowed to eat in the same room with Representative Warren of North Carolina, who has said in so many words that as long as he has anything to do with the restaurant it will not serve "colored employees or visitors." But the gentleman's agreement did not extend to Miss Mabel Byrd, a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, who was escorted not too gently from the Senate restaurant, which she dared to enter, ironically enough, just after she had attended a hearing on the anti-lynching bill designed to protect her race from the more brutal manifestations of Representative Warren's attitude. It is a situation worthy of one of those body blows which President Roosevelt knows so well how to place. Meanwhile the prize for self-satisfaction goes to Senator Copeland of New York, who after the Byrd incident ordered a table *exclusively for Negroes* installed in the Senate restaurant, "because," he said, "I am opposed to Jim Crowism."

THAT THE PRICE of justice is often so high as to be prohibitive is illustrated again in connection with arrests made several weeks ago at the picketing of the Kirschner foundry in New Haven, Connecticut, by striking employees. A number of students in Yale University joined the pickets as sympathetic participants, and, as noted in our issue of January 10, Lawrence Hill was clubbed by police and fined on charges of resisting an officer, breach of the peace, and obstructing the sidewalk. For merely taking a policeman's number William Gordon was arrested and fined. When the cases were appealed, that against Gordon was dropped by the prosecution as too flimsy. Hill was acquitted of the only serious charge, that of resisting an officer, but his fine of $60 was reduced by only $10. Two of the Kirschner workers were fined $25 and $10, respectively. As the cost of another appeal was estimated at possibly as much as $2,000, the fines were ordered to be paid and the case was dropped by the defense committee, although a legal point of some importance was involved, that is, the judge's ruling that only employees of the Kirschner plant had the right to picket. This dictum is contrary to decisions in New York State and in some other courts, although there have been rulings in its support. In any event, the assertion is poppycock and deserves to be vigorously opposed.

FOR THIRTY YEARS Gertrude Stein has beguiled her commentators into the trap of imitation or mere smart remarks. Both, of course, are always designed to make Miss Stein look silly; and in thirty years the commentators have not discovered that after the type has cooled it is almost invariably not Miss Stein who looks ridiculous. Miss Stein has always been funnier than any of her imitators and a good deal less self-conscious. We shudder to think how many bad imitations will roll over our heads before "Four Saints in Three Acts" finishes its run—and the specimen submitted by Lawrence Gilman in the New York *Herald Tribune* on the morning after the first night was not at all encouraging. His remark that a Ph.D. thesis or a wine list would have made as good a libretto for Virgil Thomson's music as Miss Stein's nonsense affords a perfect illustration of what Miss Stein's nonsense does not consist of. Even a grammarian in the last stages of annoyance would have to admit that the Stein libretto was fresh and surprising. Mr. Gilman's remark was neither. F. P. A. had practically the same idea. "But Lord!" he wrote in his Pepys' diary, "anybody could take any words at all and set them to musique. I could take anything from a newspaper and do it." With all respect to F. P. A., we doubt it. Three days after the opera opened, a psychologist discovered that Miss Stein had a mental disease called Echolalia. It is an excellent name for a very common disease but—again—it is not Miss Stein who has it.

THERE are those who say that literary criticism has ceased for the most part to be either literary or critical. In refutation we submit the advertisement of a recent novel which appeared in a New York Sunday newspaper. The advertisement quoted seven reviewers, each of whom found that the writer under consideration had something in common with a different important novelist. According to these seven enthusiastic critics, this promising young author is comparable with George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser, John Galsworthy, Charles Dickens, and the "classic Greeks." We have not the time to inquire into what sort of style it would be that combined all these masters. We merely wish to complete the record. For some reason the remark of *The Nation's* critic, who compared the author with still another great novelist, was not included. This reviewer pointed out that the promising young author "allows herself to inherit the worst of Hardy."

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Mr. Roosevelt's First Year
A Primer for Critics

MR. ROOSEVELT'S show has been on for a year now. It has had a good run and on the whole a good press. The major characters are a little better than adequate and Mr. Roosevelt is a hit in the lead. He is generally acknowledged to be the best actor anywhere on the American stage. All this being true, it is odd that so few people seem to know what the show is really about. We do know. And because we do we thought we ought to contribute to General Johnson's symposium. We not only understand the plan and purpose of the thing but we have two or three changes that we think would improve it.

First, however, let us clear up some of the obvious confusions of our fellow-commentators. That well-known critic Mark Sullivan, for example, believes that "The New Deal" is a red show. Mr. Roosevelt, he thinks, plays the role of Stalin with a cast of assorted Bolsheviks mostly named Tugwell to support him in his effort to expropriate private industry and economically execute leading bankers and other pillars of the temple. Nobody in the play is being told what is going on. They are just going to wake up in the last act and find themselves collectivized. Even then Mr. Sullivan is afraid they may not be told. He doesn't like mystery shows. They give him the creeps.

Then there is Dramatic Critic Mike Gold. Mr. Gold is a very dramatic critic and believes that "The New Deal" is a fascist play. Mr. Roosevelt, a mixture of Mussolini and Hitler and the late Czar, is planning to liquidate Mike Gold and the working class and the small business man and the consumer. (Mr. Gold doesn't mind the last half of this program.) The President is surrounded by a bunch of Nazis named Johnson or Morgenthau, and he is secretly establishing a totalitarian state.

There are friendly critics, but they are naturally less amusing. Some of them admire capitalism as Mr. Sullivan does; but they interpret "The New Deal" to mean that the old system is being given a rather rough but bracing sort of pick-me-up and a slight purgative; whereupon it will presently feel like a new system and step out briskly all ready for another hearty binge. And some of the friendly critics dislike capitalism, not quite as much as Mr. Gold but enough so that they think of "The New Deal" as a parable in which Moses (Mr. Roosevelt) leads his people (the better sort of trade unionists and the humbler sort of business men) out of the wilderness (the depression) into which they stumbled in their flight from Pharaoh (the money changers), who had basely misused them.

All these observers are, we suspect, betrayed by their hopes or goaded by their fears. Since our own opinion of the American show differs from the rest we feel sure that it must be correct. We take the bold position at the outset that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to do what he said he was going to do. He said he was going to put men back to work so that they could buy goods so that factories could run. To do this he had to have a fairly free hand. This Congress gave him. Does the President's free hand constitute fascism? We do not think so. Next he had to induce industry to abolish child labor and decrease hours of work and pay a minimum wage and stop cutthroat competitive tactics. This required a system of rules which were drawn up and are being administered by the NRA. Do these codes constitute Communist control of industry? We do not think they do. He also had to try to prevent farmers from going out of business entirely, so he established another set of rules intended to limit production and raise prices. Does this mean the nationalization of agriculture? Not yet.

In other words, the President was eager enough to have capitalism survive, but he believed that it could not survive unless it were so regulated that most people could buy the things that the factories would produce in impressive quantities the minute most people could buy them. And since Mr. Sullivan's system wasn't bright enough to regulate itself, Mr. Roosevelt decided to do it instead. That is all. It seems simple and it also seems odd that so many people should misinterpret these clear and obvious intentions.

Now to do what Mr. Roosevelt set out to do required a few very fundamental alterations in the economic relationships of the country. First, it is clear, wealth could never again be allowed to flow in the same proportions into the pockets of capitalists and of working people. If capitalists got the same old proportion they would almost certainly use it in the same old way—namely, after eating all they could and living in as many houses and countries and sailing in as many yachts as possible, they would use it to build up a still larger and more productive industrial plant. And they would do this despite their experience of the painful consequences that follow the mass production of goods that cannot be bought. Knowing this, Mr. Roosevelt decided that hereafter a better balance must be maintained. More wealth must go into wages; less into dividends and thus back into industry. The consequences that logically follow upon this decision are so numerous and so complex that they can hardly be touched upon here, but they represent a major change in the structure of capitalism. If they actually took place they undoubtedly would alter the old thing so that its best friends—like Mr. Sullivan—would have to be pardoned for not recognizing it; or even for mistaking it for communism. But it would not be communism. It would be planned capitalism, and if it worked it would be the only thing that could possibly save Mr. Sullivan's favorite system.

So far it has not worked. The fundamental alterations in the economic relationships of the country have not successfully been made. And so, in spite of some improvement in business and a very few million men back at work, the chance of the serious, thoroughgoing revival of activity which is necessary to bring about a state of health in the economic system still seems remote. The reason is not far to seek. The capitalist system is not going to be saved if it can possibly help it. It seems determined, with a sort of idiot cunning, to prevent Mr. Roosevelt from forcing it to do what is necessary for its survival. This statement is sweeping and

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therefore unjust to some individual intelligent business men. But it is not unjust to many of the largest, most powerful businesses in the country. Among which we may name the oil industry, the steel industry, the coal industry, the power industry, the packing industry, and the publishing business; and there are plenty of others.

Without going into a bill of particulars we can summarize very simply what these businesses want and what they hope to avoid. They still want to pay wages as low as possible; they still want to charge the consumer as high prices as possible, and to this end most of them are writing price-fixing agreements into their codes; they want to work labor at least forty hours a week; they want to be free to hire and fire as they see fit, and so they oppose bitterly the collective-bargaining provision of the NRA and attempt to evade it by every possible sort of trickery and violence. They also want to manipulate the financial processes of the country to the end of piling up profits rather than stabilizing industry, and the result is bitter, almost unanimous opposition to such measures as the Securities Act and the Fletcher-Rayburn bill to regulate the stock exchanges.

The result of this almost concerted effort to thwart the President's intention has been dramatic. Perhaps 3,000,000 people have gone back to work in industry, with about 4,000,000 employed in relief or other government jobs; and more than 10,000,000 are still unemployed. In only 15 out of 234 codes are hours of work set at less than forty a week. Minimum wages established in codes range as low as fourteen cents an hour, or $5.60 for a forty-hour week. Living costs have gone up while average wages have stood still. In short, Mr. Roosevelt—who is, we repeat, neither a fascist nor a Communist nor a Moses but a man with a simple desire to put industry back in working order and prevent it from coming a cropper through the same sort of mismanagement that has tripped it up in the past—Mr. Roosevelt has, in a year, not got very far toward achieving his end.

Does not this failure suggest some doubts in his mind about his basic plan? To us it suggests the possibility that capitalism is a congenital recidivist, that it is not capable of reform. Our own modest suggestion to Mr. Roosevelt is that he begin to eliminate the obstructions that prevent him from carrying out his plain and praiseworthy desires; that he take over the basic industries of the country, beginning in a small way with the banks and the railways, but proceeding as fast as may be to include steel and coal and oil and communications and power. Not until the areas dominated by the struggle for private profit are reduced to insignificant proportions can even the beginning of a balanced economy be achieved. And a balanced economy is the only kind of a system that can fulfil Mr. Roosevelt's first requirement of keeping men at work.

There are, we admit, certain measures of coercion that the President might try before deciding that capital punishment is the only way out. First, let him dismiss from the various government boards and agencies—except the Industrial Advisory Board—all representatives of businesses which come under the jurisdiction of the recovery administration; second, let him see to it that representatives of labor and consumer organizations are included in all the code authorities; third, let him support a measure amending Section 7a of the Recovery Act in such a way as to outlaw company-controlled unions and force employers to deal with independent labor organizations. Nor should any hindrance be permitted to labor's right to strike or to enter into closed-shop agreements. Only by measures at least as drastic as these is there any chance that wage levels can be raised and prices kept down to a point that will make possible increased buying on the part of most of the people of the country.

President and Press

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S executive order in promulgating the NRA code for daily newspapers is as delightful a document as has breezed out of Washington in many moons. It is perhaps the first state paper in which a President has deliberately and delicately "spoofed" or "kidded" his adversaries—to their complete discomfiture. The newspapers have been made a laughing-stock not only for the general public but especially for their own editorial employees, to whom the business-men owners denied the advantages in regard to hours and pay which it has been the general purpose of the codes to extend to wage workers.

The code itself is among the least satisfactory to be approved, and it is so because of the power of newspaper owners and their insistence upon protecting their profits at the expense of their employees. Business-office employees may benefit somewhat, but mechanical workers will profit only to the extent of advantages already won by their unions. Editorial workers are dishonestly exempted from the provisions of the code on the ground that they are "professional persons," while boys under sixteen years of age may be used for selling or delivering newspapers subject only to some restrictions in regard to schooling and night work. President Roosevelt, it is true, has given notice that he proposes to review the provisions in regard to newsboys and editorial employees, and has suggested—as a voluntary measure—a five-day, forty-hour week for the latter in cities of 750,000 persons. But for the moment victory in regard to code provisions rests with the newspaper proprietors.

The fly in the newspaper owners' ointment is President Roosevelt's executive order in which he has dextrously peeled off considerable patches of hide from the pundits in control of the press, leaving them badly lacerated in prestige and personal vanity. The crux of the controversy lies in the wish of newspaper owners to be exempted from the license provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act—in other words, from the teeth of the law—on the ground that to apply that part of the legislation would violate the constitutional guaranty of a free press. Mr. Roosevelt and General Johnson hold, what would seem to be self-evident, that no code could, in fact, impair a constitutional guaranty, but they finally admitted an article intended to meet the objections of the publishers, whose real purpose, obviously enough, was to wriggle out of any code control at all. But the President, in his executive order, robbed the publishers of any joy they might have taken in their victory by characterizing the article as "pure surplusage"—a phrase that deserves to become as popular as some of those coined by the other Roosevelt—and remarked that the free-press clause in the code had no more place there "than would the recitation of the whole Constitution or of the Ten Commandments." "Of course a man does not consent to what he does not consent to," said

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Mr. Roosevelt jocularly. Then, baring rather more of his teeth than appear in the usual press-photograph smile, he added unpleasantly: "But if the President should find it necessary to modify this code the circumstance that the modification was not consented to would not affect whatever obligations the non-consentor would have under Section 3d of the National Industrial Recovery Act."

Such language! The cries of pain that have issued from various newspapers attest to its effectiveness. The New York *Herald Tribune* called it a "gross insult" and demanded an apology, but the public has obtained a new glimpse of an institution which is usually able to prevent the circulation of anything but its own high opinion of itself. American newspapers prate of a "free press" at a moment when, in fact, they have surrendered most of any valid claim to such a conception. Unquestionably they have built up the fullest and probably the fairest news service in the world, but in doing so they have incurred such enormous expenses that they have become a part of big business. Even this might not be fatal if their product were sold to the public on bona fide terms. But it is largely given away—a kind of free lunch intended to decoy the partaker into paying real money for the fare so glitteringly offered in the advertising columns. Even the fairest modern news service cannot but reflect and be controlled by the attitude of the buying-and-selling civilization of which it is a part. It is perhaps not too much to say that American journalism has become merely the publicity department of business. And the fact that its news service is sold at less than cost practically prevents the establishment of journals free from advertising, priced on the basis of actual overhead expense. President Roosevelt, by refusing to take seriously the patter of a group of smug business men about a "free press," may have done something to shatter a naive tradition. If so, he has done well. Anyhow he has given the country a good laugh.

Retreat from Stimson

WASHINGTON dispatches indicate that President Roosevelt is thinking of modifying the Stimson Doctrine. Such modification would inevitably result in American recognition of the Japanese state of Manchukuo. These reports have met with no denial either from the White House or from the State Department. Nevertheless, we find it hard to believe that the President is seriously contemplating a retreat from the Stimson Doctrine, or if he is, that he has really weighed the consequences of such action.

When Japan by its conquest of Manchuria set the civilized world at defiance and brazenly violated its obligations under the League Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty, the United States could have followed any one of several courses. It could have attempted to enforce the treaties to which it is a party by the employment of force in the form of a blockade or by direct intervention, either independently or in concert with the other parties to these treaties. Or it could, jointly with the other Powers, have applied economic sanctions, thus depriving Japan of the materials it needed to carry on its campaign of aggression. On the other hand, it could have sat back and done nothing, allowing the Japanese to go their way without restraint.

Instead of any of these the United States chose a middle course. It elected to rely upon moral suasion as a means of obtaining enforcement of and respect for the peace treaties. Under the Stimson Doctrine it refused to recognize any territorial gains or other changes resulting from military aggression or from violation of international agreements. This doctrine was immediately adopted by the entire membership of the League of Nations except Japan and Siam. As an integral part of the doctrine it was agreed that recognition should be withheld from Manchukuo. Thus the moral weight of the whole world was thrown against Japan and its conquest of Manchuria.

That this policy was having the desired effect may be seen from the extraordinary efforts the Japanese have been making to break through the solid diplomatic blockade of Manchukuo. They have not even been above attempting to trick the Western Powers into recognizing Manchukuo. They have labored hard and long to build up the pretense of an independent state in Manchuria, going so far as to lift the pitiable Manchu prince, Pu-yi, out of obscurity to set him upon a new "imperial" throne. They have endeavored to win French recognition by promising French capital a share in the economic exploitation of Manchuria, and German recognition by dangling attractive trade opportunities before the hard-pressed Hitler regime. While these efforts are mainly significant because they betray the anxiety the Japanese have felt in consequence of the world's moral condemnation of their aggression, it now appears that the Japanese maneuvers may soon succeed in breaking through the united front of the Powers. French capitalists are reported ready to extend long-term credits to the South Manchuria Railway, while the German government is said to be on the verge of recognizing Manchukuo.

If one country abandons the Stimson Doctrine in the hope of gaining commercial or other economic advantage, every other Power will be sure to follow. This will mean a reversal of the League's policy, though the reversal may not be formally proclaimed; and it has been indicated in Washington that if the League changes its stand, the United States will do likewise. Even from a purely selfish point of view such action on the part of the Powers would be foolish, for Japanese government and private-monopoly interests have already grabbed virtually everything of consequence in Manchuria. Moreover, if reports from Moscow are true—and these reports can readily be confirmed by the American military intelligence service in the Far East—the Japanese are developing Manchuria largely with a view to using it as a military base for an invasion of Siberia. American recognition of Manchukuo would then be equivalent to giving American support to preparations for another Japanese war of aggression. In brief, we should be endangering the purposes of our recent rapprochement with the Soviet Union. But recognition of Manchukuo would be more than foolish, and in its implications it would go far beyond any bearing it might have on our relations with Moscow. It would mean the abandonment of a moral principle for the sake of political or commercial gain. It would place a heavy premium on treaty violations. It would, in fact, place the United States in the role of treaty breaker, at least in spirit, since recognition of the booty state of Manchukuo would constitute open and unashamed approval of the Japanese rape of Manchuria in defiance of all Japan's international obligations.

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Issues and Men

Hitler and the Youth of Germany

PROPAGANDA from Germany in behalf of its present government continues to clutter up my desk. Much of it is as inept and as stupid as was the German propaganda at the outbreak of the war. For example, I am appealed to on behalf of the Deutsche Auslandsinstitut in Stuttgart with the request that I join them in explaining to the American public what a magnificent thing the Hitler government is, and how wonderful is the new union of all elements in Germany in one great nationalistic undertaking. This is sent to the publisher and contributing editor of the first American periodical to be excluded from Germany by Adolf Hitler! Nobody but a German could do a thing like that.

Now all through this propaganda material runs one note worth touching upon. It is that Hitler has revivified German youth, pulled it out of the Slough of Despond, fired it with enthusiasm, set it to work, and given it a great nationalistic ideal. Instead of youth being hopeless and helpless in the face of unemployment, yielding to vice or dissipation, or starving in the streets, it marches with complete solidarity and great joy, clad in brown uniforms, singing "Deutschland über Alles," and fired as never before with the vision of death on the battlefield as the highest aim for a young German, and of a Germany not merely equal to all other nations but imposing its will upon all other countries in the name of a pure Germanic culture and morality. Undoubtedly this is an engaging picture. I have met a number of Americans who, not looking below the surface, have fallen for it completely. Most of them know little German and have merely seen brown-shirted youths marching through the streets singing the Horst Wessel song. What an amazing transformation, they say—a despairing youth made overnight into a virile, happy, enthusiastic, determined generation looking to the future with complete confidence that Germany is herself again!

Well, this *is* a remarkable achievement. It would be idle to deny it, and I should be the last to do so. If this new-found solidarity, these ideals, and this inspiration with which the young people of Germany are being supplied were of the right kind, it would be something for which all the world would give thanks. Unfortunately, the youth of a country can be fired to follow false gods. It can be given ideals and objectives that are not only unsocial and unholy, but positively inimical to the welfare of the nation in the long run and of the whole world. And that is precisely what has happened in Germany. Its young men and women have been poisoned—poisoned with hate for certain classes in the community, taught to believe that they must smash and imprison and outlaw every individual whose views go counter to their own. They are bred in intolerance, nurtured in vindictiveness, breast-fed with hate. They are even being taught, many of them, that what Germany needs is the setting up of a pagan religion, the renewed worship of gods who typify at best only the crude idealism of men who lived in the days when everybody carried a weapon and was clad in the skin of a wild beast. If the teachings of Adolf Hitler are sound, however, the Christian religion ought truly to be scrapped, not only because Jesus was himself a Jew, but because all that he taught of brotherly love, tolerance, kindliness, good-will, and forgiveness of sins is entirely banned.

If German youth were capable of analyzing its present situation or the new teachings given to it, it would speedily see that what Hitler has thrown overboard is not what he pretends—merely the Semitic influence over Germany and the alleged misdeeds of the founders and conductors of the German Republic—but the very things that the German nation has cherished most and to which it has up to this time invariably accredited its greatness. Formerly it fostered the ideals of a free cultural life, respect for the intellect, the freedom of teachers and the taught, and set the intellectual and spiritual life on a higher pedestal than was the case in any other country. It wished to be known always as a nation of thinkers, of poets, artists, and scientists, and it never questioned whether the great men that it worshiped were Aryan or not. It was proud of Bismarck, who, it is repeatedly stated, had a Jewish grandmother, and therefore if he were living today would be classed as a Jew. If it was a question of a Virchow, a Helmholtz, a Gneist, or a Mommsen, it made no difference what their past was, and it goes without saying that these men would have been the first to protest against a regime which prevented any German-born citizen from developing his individuality and his intellect to the fullest possible degree.

Besides all the other things which have been destroyed in Germany, there has been eradicated the most vital principle of law—the right of the individual to his property and his security in his way of life, provided he does not contravene the criminal law. Innumerable persons in Germany have been deprived of their property, not only without due process of law, but without hope of justice. Perhaps 80,000 have been imprisoned, the great majority without a charge being brought against them, without hope of a day in court. People have said that the family is the keystone of human institutions; even more fundamental is the right of the individual to abstract justice. But in Germany there has been created the doctrine that the state may rob and despoil, plunder and pilfer, violate every contract, destroy the careers of countless individuals, drive them from their homes, from the only country they know, with a brand upon their foreheads. And then we are asked to believe that the inspiration and solidarity and enthusiasm that Hitler has given to German youth in some degree offset these blows at the most cherished rights of every individual who claims his soul as his own!

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Who's Behind the Newsstand Racket?

By JACK BEALL

IT would surprise almost any New York newspaper owner or editor to be told that his newspaper was largely responsible for the unwholesome conditions which have recently been unearthed by the newsstand-racket investigation. And he would put in an indignant denial if it were suggested to him that the newspapers of the city might be directly culpable if the grip of the racket were not broken. He would make the reply, with perfect truth, that the newspapers gave considerable space to the exposure of the racket, that some of them published editorial comment against it, and that newspaper representatives had met with Mayor LaGuardia and pledged that their papers would help his new broom in the Department of Licenses to sweep clean.

Editors can indulge in the warming thought that they are fighting graft and corruption wherever it is found, almost, and owners can walk abroad in the calm assurance that the welfare of a nation may safely rest in a free press with a conscience so responsive to wrong and right that it censors its own advertising. They would be thunderstruck to realize that they have for years contributed a major share to a system which quite literally takes pennies from blind men. The system, as it was exposed in the recent investigation conducted by a retiring Tammany Commissioner of Licenses who wanted above all else to show up his predecessor, a Tammany renegade, can be boiled down to about this:

There are nearly 4,000 licensed newsstands in New York. According to the law they are expected to be parceled out, for the payment of a nominal fee, to five classifications of applicants, first and second preference being given to disabled war veterans and to the blind. There are more than enough applicants in these two preferred classes to operate all the stands in the city, but actually the disabled and the blind hold only about one-tenth of the stands. The other nine-tenths are held by able-bodied business men and women who have purchased their stands, in direct contravention of law, for sums ranging from $1,000 to $18,000, depending on location. Sometimes an especially meritorious political hanger-on can get a stand without paying money. His *quid pro quo* is the rendering of services to a district leader, who, consulting the License Commissioner as a matter of form, either gives him a stand of his own or muscles him in on some other person's stand.

For the past decade only the most ingenuous of disabled veterans or blind men have tried to get what was legally theirs for the asking. The wise ones went to the accredited go-betweens, paid their money, and got their stands. During the past four years the accredited go-betweens have been two half-world characters named Jake Sbar and Louis Breines. Louis and Jake conducted a newsstand curb exchange in an ice-cream parlor in Harlem. They had the "right connections" and brought together prospective purchasers and those who "owned" newsstands already and wished to get rid of them. It made no difference, of course, that stands were supposed to revert to the city for reallotment when the licensees quit running them. Such an uneconomic policy never occurred to Louis and Jake or even to the disabled veterans or the blind men who had lived in New York long enough to know that you can't get anything for nothing. They paid their money like the rest and received no discount, though it was proclaimed in the ordinances that they were the wards of the city.

The convention of newsstand buying and selling required that someone at the license bureau must be "seen." A procession of witnesses at the inquiry identified that someone as Joseph W. O'Connor, nominally an inspector in the department but more cogently described by his confreres as "Geraghty's financial secretary." James F. Geraghty was the commissioner at the time, a fine, upstanding Bronx district leader who apparently set his official approval on whatever O'Connor did. Louis and Jake, after consummating a sale, would send the purchaser down to O'Connor, who, in the course of fifteen minutes with no questions being asked, would transfer the license to him.

The upshot of the investigation in terms of action was the indictment of Sbar, Breines, and O'Connor on charges of extortion and coercion. Although there was testimony that on two occasions disgruntled purchasers had loudly and publicly demanded their money back from no less a person than Commissioner Geraghty himself, that former servant of the city was not called to testify at the hearing nor was he questioned by the grand jury.

And now, how do the newspapers come into the picture as countenancing and even preserving this system? In the first place, a distinction should be made between the proprietary-editorial and the business-circulation side of newspapers. The editorial department, as a sort of repository of the public conscience, may be filled with righteous fervor and crusading zeal to discover and to right the wrongs of the outside world. But it seems to have a blind spot for what goes on in the circulation department. There is a curious, half-brotherly relation here, a dualism of business personality, which can be observed at its worst in Chicago.

The beginning of modern racketeering and gang warfare is directly traceable to the circulation wars engaged in by the circulation departments of Chicago papers. All the piety and wit of the editorial departments in arousing the public against the menace of the gangs cannot wash out one word of the charge that the newspapers themselves started it. True, it was the circulation departments which set bands of armed thugs to turning over and burning the stands of rival newspapers and to throwing bundles of papers into the Chicago River, but a circulation department is a component part of a newspaper. It is the hand that distributes the paper, even as the editorial is the hand that writes it.

The circulation departments play a direct part in the newsstand racket in New York through the fact that they decide arbitrarily what dealers are to be supplied with papers. Thus they have the power of life and death over the individual dealer. Further, they have the veto power over any move of the Commissioner of Licenses. For what good does it do a dealer to have a stand on a good corner and a license to operate it, if he can get no papers to sell? The power

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to withhold papers is the power to destroy. This right to withhold or to sell to whomever they like is zealously defended by circulation managers and newspaper owners. It was upheld recently in the Supreme Court of New York. Decently used, this right cannot be complained of, but when it is corruptly used, it directly implements the newsstand racketeer.

Jake Sbar confessed once in an unguarded moment how the money paid over for the purchase of a newsstand was "cut up." Half of it went, he said, to the former owner of the stand, part of the remaining half went to himself and Louis Breines as their commission, part of it went to the Department of Licenses—whence a goodly percentage was siphoned upward to the Tammany coffers, presumably—and part of it went to the circulation departments of the newspapers. Approximately the same division was made of an $8,000 "defense fund" which was raised last November at a secret meeting of the New York Newsdealers' Protective and Benevolent Association, of which Sbar was a director. That "cut-up" differed from the usual one, according to Sbar, only in being divided three ways instead of five. Sbar and Breines got no part of it, but a young law clerk named Herman B. Sarno, who happened to be the son-in-law of the former law partner of the Commissioner of Licenses, got $2,000 as a retainer. The Commissioner himself admitted that the idea was to "get to" him through the young law clerk. The other two shares, according to Sbar, went to certain persons in the Department of Licenses and certain persons in the circulation departments of newspapers.

What possible services could these circulation departments perform for Jake and Louis and the Benevolent and Protective Association that they came in for a regular share in the money that was collected? Simply that Jake and Louis, to be able to get any sort of price for a newsstand, had to offer some guaranty of permanent or semi-permanent tenure to their prospective purchasers. They could not get it from the License Department because politics might intervene or a scandal break at any time, as did happen last December, and purchasers might be thrown off their stands. But Jake and Louis saw that if purchasers who were thrown off their stands still got their papers, and if their successors at the stand did not get any papers, the newsstand-selling business would be stabilized. That is where the circulation men came in. That is why it was worth while to divide with them on sales and "defense funds." Naturally, if this operated to perpetuate the illegal buyer of a newsstand in his tenure, it also operated to perpetuate Jake and Louis in their positions as go-betweens and, in fact, to perpetuate the whole illegal system.

How high in the circulation departments the money collected in these ways went is an extremely difficult question to answer. On only one newspaper is it known to have gone as high as the head of the department.

Corroboration of what Sbar admitted can be obtained from at least one incident. A newsdealer named Tom Higgins built up a stand in the Bronx until it was a paying proposition. He had previously sold other stands through Jake and Louis, and it was not long before the two go-betweens came around to urge him to sell this stand. For some season Higgins refused. Jake and Louis intimated that it would be better if he changed his mind. A few days later delivery of all Higgins's papers, both morning and afternoon, was stopped. And he couldn't get them started again—he met with silence or unkept promises whenever he registered a complaint. Then he saw a great light and notified Jake and Louis he was ready to sell. The papers started flowing in again as suddenly as they had stopped. He sold his stand.

Even more direct evidence is to be had from a statement made by James Hasenack, circulation director of the *Sun*, to Herman M. Immeln, director of social welfare of the New York Association for the Blind, that an agreement existed among circulation managers to the effect that if any newsdealer lost his license, his successor would not be served with papers by the route men.

But it may be objected that the situation has changed now that Mayor LaGuardia and his new License Commissioner have gone into office, that Jake and Louis and O'Connor are under indictment, and that a separate investigation by Irving Ben Cooper, chief ferret of the Seabury investigation, has been under way for more than a month. How can the circulation departments still be chargeable with countenancing, continuing, and supporting the racket? The new Commissioner is getting ready to root out the able-bodied, illegal purchasers of at least the more lucrative stands, and to turn them over to the veterans and blind men who were supposed to have received them in the first place. It is perfectly possible that the purposes and acts of the new Commissioner will be vetoed by the circulation departments in spite of assurances of cooperation which have been given. Certain straws which have blown by are indications of this.

At a meeting of circulation managers called by Mayor LaGuardia about a week before he took office, to discuss what could be done about the situation, the managers refused the main thing that LaGuardia requested of them. He asked them to replace John C. Mansfield, circulation commissioner of morning newspapers, with another man. Mansfield was named in the investigation later as the "circulation czar" and was accused by one newsdealer of demanding $2,000 from him for the restoration of delivery service. The only consolation the Mayor got was that the New York *Times* withdrew soon after from the association which employed Mansfield. Although the circulation men freely discussed at this meeting cases of buying and selling newsstands and did not make denial when the Mayor-elect accused them of knowing that the practice had been going on for more than a decade and of permitting it to go on in spite of having the power to stop it, seven of these same circulation managers swore on the witness stand two weeks later that they knew nothing personally about the buying and selling of stands. In two instances they said they had never heard of it until they read the reports of the newsstand hearing.

It is commonly known that a large number of the route men who deliver the papers on trucks have stands of their own under assumed names or under cover of relatives' names, but only one instance has come to light of the newspapers making any attempt to clean up the situation. Jack Katz, a route man for the New York *Herald Tribune* was publicly named as owning a stand. When Katz refused to obey a subpoena to testify in the matter, he was fired by his paper.

Perhaps the newspapers hesitate to start on this particular job of housecleaning because they do not wish to precipitate trouble with the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union, which is composed mostly of route men. Incidentally, Harry Feldman, circulation manager of the *Evening Journal*

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and president of this union, was quoted recently as reassuring the holder of a license at Broadway and Forty-second Street, who was facing a possible revocation for having bought his stand, that he need not worry about having his license taken away as he would be protected on his papers. Feldman is under fire from within the union, it being alleged that he caused no regular financial report to be made during his incumbency. Annual dues come to over $126,000 a year.

It may not be unfair at this point to recall the background of another circulation manager, perhaps the greatest of them all. Certainly his paper, the *Daily News,* leads all the rest in circulation with its 2,200,000 copies daily. Max Annenberg was Hearst circulation manager in Chicago at the time of the circulation war there which ushered in the gangster epoch. He had been hired from the Chicago *Tribune* after having acquired an enviable reputation as a getter of circulation. An admonitory expression which he is supposed to have used to his underlings and dealers has since become a classic: "If you can't sell 'em, eat 'em!" Annenberg not only bore Chicago lead in his person for a time but was also indicted some years ago for shooting one Alexander Belford in the chest. Although Belford lived to make the identification positive, the jury cleared Annenberg. There can be little hope that he will turn out to be a reformer or do much to disturb the status quo ante.

In cleaning up the purulent mess which is the newsstand situation in New York, the LaGuardia administration is going to need the help of the newspapers, particularly of the circulation departments. Whether it will be forthcoming is problematical, in spite of assurances. Meanwhile, public confidence in the idealism of the press would be increased if the press would show that its idealism begins at home. Its editorial right hand might at least inform its circulatory left hand that it knows what is going on.

Europe Moves Toward War

I. The Bloody Danube and Beyond

By JOHANNES STEEL

I

THE Socialist revolt which broke out in Austria on the evening of February 12 was not premeditated. It was the spontaneous action of men who chose to face certain death rather than forsake the principles for which they stood. It is an event of which international socialism can justly be proud and which will undoubtedly assume historical importance. The deep impression it has made upon Socialists and organized labor in England and Spain, in Czecho-Slovakia and the other Central European countries will in time produce long-hoped-for repercussions. But while we duly recognize this, it is more important now to consider the far-reaching political, economic, and social effects which the Austrian situation will have almost immediately upon the whole of Europe. A short résumé of the situation immediately before the massacre will be sufficient to connect the future with the events of the recent past.

The development of the conflict was to be expected. For some months it had been apparent that Dollfuss was moving to the right, and this was not because he was in sympathy with the Heimwehr but because, as events have shown, he needed support and overestimated the military strength of this organization. For about six months the Heimwehr, which never represented more than 15 per cent of Austria's voters, had been waiting for an opportune moment to take a hand, always threatening to ally itself with the Austrian Nazis if Dollfuss refused to take its leaders into the government. When it became evident that England and Italy were preventing Dollfuss from laying before the League the case of Austria against Germany, the Heimwehr knew its chance had come. Alone, Dollfuss could not fight both the Nazis and the Heimwehr. The price Dollfuss paid for the cooperation of the Heimwehr, which is financed in about equal proportions by Italy and Austrian industrial interests, was the heads of the Social Democrats.

The struggle itself was, of course, not ordinary party strife. Deep and fundamental issues were involved. For almost half a century Vienna had been the spiritual home of the European Socialist and labor movements. In fact, since the war it had been the guide and philosopher of all Socialist governments in Europe. The Socialist administrations of Vienna had won not only the loyal support of almost half of the Austrian electorate but also world-wide appreciation of their constructive achievements. After the advent of Nazism in Germany, Vienna became the last Socialist stronghold in Western Europe. The example of a well-administered Socialist Vienna was resented by Mussolini and Hitler as much as by the capitalist interests within Austria itself. Just as German capitalism generally, with generous foreign aid, and the German steel and dye trusts in particular have made Hitler and Nazism their willing tool, so Austrian capitalism and the Alpine Montan Gesellschaft and Motor Car Steyr have made Starhemberg and his Heimwehr their tool, with the primary purpose of smashing Austrian socialism.

The reaction has won this battle, and the way is now open for renewed exploitation of Austria by German and Austrian capitalism jointly. Austria will soon go Nazi. Dollfuss is exhausted. Mussolini has to reckon with Jugoslavia and France. The capitalist backers of the Heimwehr, although they would not mind the Italian brand of fascism, naturally prefer the German variety. But since Anchluss is necessary in order to give the German armament and aviation industries the benefit of reduced prices for the ore products of the Alpine Montan Gesellschaft, which, incidentally, is partly controlled by the German steel trust, it is certain that union with Germany will come in one way or another. England is not interested in preventing this development. For about two years now British foreign policy has been influenced decisively, particularly as far as Germany is concerned, by men like Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England and personal friend of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, director of the Reichsbank; Sir Henri Deterding, the British oil magnate.

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who has certain agreements (of which I shall give a detailed account in a later article) with Alfred Rosenberg, head of the Nazi Foreign Office; and Lord Rothermere, who is now openly advocating fascism for England. Thus Britain will do nothing at all as long as the organization of Austria on National Socialist lines proceeds ostensibly from within. A difference in method, however, will do nothing to alter the tremendous effects this inevitable event will have.

II

It seems not to be sufficiently realized that the cultural, social, and economic consequences of this development will soon affect the everyday life of many millions of people in Central Europe. I have the impression that the magnitude of this complex of problems, the violent manifestations of which will soon confront the civilized world, is generally underestimated in this country as well as in Europe.

The fact that Vienna is "cosmopolitan," owing to the racial mixture of its population as well as to the refined eclecticism of its baroque culture, does not interest the Nazis. They simply consider that there are in Austria 220,000 Jews by religion and 400,000 by race, and that if they apply the Nazi test of the maternal grandmother they will have out of a population of nine millions at least a million victims which they can sacrifice to their insane racial theories. By the time these lines go to press, another exodus will have started. Many of the Jews will go to Poland, where anti-Semitism has always been latent and where the Jewish population has already been increased considerably through the influx of refugees from Germany. Others will go to Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, or Rumania; but wherever they may go it is certain that they will be regarded as foreign competitors in already depressed and congested labor markets. It is safe to say that this migration will not lessen the political confusion in Central Europe but rather will add new impetus to the aggressive nationalism now everywhere prevalent. The coming to power of the Nazis in Austria will also mean exile or the concentration camp for tens of thousands of non-Jewish writers, physicians, philosophers, scientists, high-school teachers, artists, and persons who have been in any way connected with the Socialist or Marxist organizations in Austria. Where are these people to go? This is a major problem. Already there are in Paris about 90,000 German and 30,000 Italian émigrés.

What is left of the Austrian cultural, social, and economic machine will be thrown hopelessly out of gear. With no resources and no prospects Austria's future depends solely on her quarreling protectors, or, to be precise, on the most aggressive of them. The Austrian Nazis' fond belief that Anchluss, whether with nominal independence or not, would give Austria overwhelming economic advantages is a fallacy which even the late Monsignor Seipel recognized. Austria's economic interests follow the Danube downward, not upward. Nazi rule in Austria is the first realistic political threat against the Little Entente. Nazi propaganda in Czecho-Slovakia, with its three and a half million Germans, will naturally take advantage of the moral effect which Nazi success in Austria is bound to have upon this German minority, and will become even more articulate and aggressive than it has been during the past year. Thus, with a hostile semi-fascist Hungary on its eastern borders, Czecho-Slovakia will be completely encircled. It will also be faced with serious internal political disorders emanating from an unruly minority. Jugoslavia is watching anxiously every move made by Italy. The former is convinced that national security demands that for every Italian army corps placed on the Austrian border one and a half corps of the Jugoslav army must be sent there.

The coordination of Austria is for Germany not an end in itself but merely the first step toward the realization of the Nazis' pan-German dream of a Teutonic Third Reich which will extend from the Baltic to the Adriatic. It is conceivable that Mussolini, who has lost a great deal of prestige over Austria, might unite with the Nazis to push Jugoslavia into the Adriatic. France, as the godmother of the Little Entente, would have to act immediately and rally her satellites. Nazi Germany, whose effective propaganda is already penetrating deep into the Balkans, would then issue an appeal to the many German minorities scattered all over Southeastern and Central Europe.

There is much truth in France's assertion that the German effort to create this mystical pagan Third Reich, which is to be inhabited only by Teutonic half-gods of Wagnerian caliber, is a definite challenge not only to French dominance but also to the peace of Europe. France is keenly alive to this threat and views the Nazi assault on Austria in the light of it; hence the frantic efforts on the part of France to tighten its system of alliances and the increased economic and financial support it has given to the Little Entente. M. Herriot's trip through the Soviet Union, the visit of the French Air Minister to Russia, the signing of commercial treaties, and, for the first time since the war, the exchange of military attachés between Moscow and Paris must all be considered in relation to that threat. But the Nazis do not fear the French system of alliances and are sure that it cannot prevent Germany from building the Third Empire. The Nazis furthermore believe that this system of alliances will be completely offset by colonial rivalry between France and Italy.

Hitler has won the first round; Austria is his, whatever happens. The warning of Italy, France, and England was a maladroit piece of ineffective political hypocrisy which will not make Germany hesitate for a minute to go ahead with its plans. Nazi Germany knows that whatever course events may take, England will not act but will maintain a policy of "benevolent" neutrality. The Henri Deterdings, Montagu Normans, and Lord Rothermeres in England have offered a helping hand to their German brethren and will see to it, in their own interests, that this new adventure in economic imperialism is not interrupted by Great Britain or, if they can possibly prevent it, by anyone else.

The foregoing is the first of several articles on contemporary developments in Europe. Later articles will discuss the attitude of the various governments—and of important financial and industrial groups inside the various countries—toward the question of German disarmament and German expansion; the mechanics of Nazi propaganda in the light of Germany's ambitions; the role of the armament ring in relation to the foreign policy of the governments; and the crucial questions of the future of fascism and the forces making toward a new world war.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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The NRA Oil Trust

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, February 20

INDUSTRIAL self-discipline, with all its usual monopolistic trappings, has been chosen as the method by which the Roosevelt Administration hopes to tame the petroleum industry. It was at first thought that this objective might be achieved by means of an elaborate price-fixing scheme to be administered by a public agency. Bad as this plan was, it at least had the merit of being subject to a mild but definite measure of social control. For various reasons, however, the proposal was abandoned, without the public hearings that had been promised by the Petroleum Administrator, and for it were substituted two voluntary agreements, in accordance with which the industry, or so it is contended, will discipline itself. The new arrangement has not only all the evils to be found in the original price-fixing scheme but several others for good measure. It provides for price-fixing by the industry itself, or rather by the dominant major companies, instead of by a public agency. It encourages centralization of control of the industry in the hands of relatively few companies. It slights the interest of the consuming public and affords no protection to small enterprises. Indeed, under this latest plan, which is now in operation, the major companies can in effect dictate the terms upon which independent gasoline distributors and others may do business. True, the arrangement pays lip service to the principle of social control, but this control is directed by a man who by his own admission knows very little of the technical details of the oil industry.

Petroleum has been probably the most chaotic of American industries in recent years. It has been torn by dissension and open warfare. The major American companies have not only been divided among themselves; they have had to fight foreign competition. Foreign companies invaded the American field and the domestic market for several reasons, not the least of which was their desire to conserve their own supplies of petroleum while helping the prodigal American producers to waste the domestic reserves. If a number of independent producers and distributors, caught between these giants, have nevertheless managed to survive, it is primarily because their smaller overhead charges and more efficient operation have enabled them as a rule to undersell the major companies.

The petroleum warfare has taken the form of ruthless exploitation of the producing fields. Petroleum has been pumped freely from new pools and old without regard to economic need or social cost. This has inevitably had a depressing effect on prices, but even panic prices have not sufficed to stop the wild flow of oil. When the East Texas field was recently brought in, the price of crude oil in that area dropped to eight cents a barrel. But the pumping of oil continued just the same. The larger companies, whose operations carried them all the way into the retail field, could make up the deficit somewhere along the line. Most of the others had either to pocket a heavy loss or virtually to abandon their wells.

There has also been reckless competition in the retail market. There it has taken the form of a filling-station war. The best filling-station sites in the country have been grabbed by one or the other of the major groups, American or foreign. High rentals have to be paid for these sites. Palatial structures have been erected to house a few gasoline pumps and oil drums. Uneconomic services have been offered to customers without charge. Obviously these practices have added enormously to the distribution costs of the major companies.

Since the price of oil and its products seemed to play such a prominent part in the petroleum war, some of the code-makers thought that price-fixing in some form should be provided for in the petroleum code. Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who was later to become the administrator of the code, favored price regulation in principle. General Hugh S. Johnson, the recovery administrator, was opposed to it, declaring that price control could only succeed when "both supply and demand were under control." He was supported by Alexander Sachs, then chief economist of the NRA, and J. E. Pogue, economic adviser on oil in the NRA. The industry itself was divided. One group, led by Wirt Franklin, president of the Independent Petroleum Association, was most emphatic in its advocacy of price regulation. This group, composed of officials of several of the major companies—though not those of first importance—including Standard Oil of California, Barnsdall, Consolidated, and the Independent Petroleum Association, and of a few marketing groups, such as the Illinois Petroleum Marketers' Association, finally captured control of the committee representing the American Petroleum Institute in the code negotiations. Among the companies that were opposed to price control as at first proposed were Standard of New Jersey, Standard of Indiana, Texas Company, Sun Oil, Skelly, Socony-Vacuum, and Royal Dutch Shell. Why these giants of the industry were disinclined to accept price-fixing is not altogether clear, though the suggestion has been made that they were not opposed to it in principle but objected to entering into any price-control arrangement over which the government had any direct authority, for fear of "slipping their heads into a government noose."

The outcome of the controversy was to place in the hands of the petroleum administrator sufficient authority to regulate prices at the refineries and filling stations for a trial period. Secretary Ickes was named administrator, which in retrospect appears to have been an unwise step, not because of any weakness in Mr. Ickes himself, for his integrity and willingness to work cannot be questioned, but because he was already loaded down with as much work as any man, however brilliant and devoted to duty, could possibly handle with any real degree of efficiency. And so complicated is the petroleum industry that any man who seeks to administer it should be thoroughly acquainted with all of its many aspects. A Planning and Coordination Committee was set up under the code to represent the industry. Actually, however, at least thirteen of the fifteen places on the committee went to members of the Wirt Franklin group. A Petroleum Administrative Board was also organized under the authority of the code. This body is headed by Nathan Margold, Solicitor of the Interior Department, and is composed of a group of lawyers, petroleum economists, and mineralogists.

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Administrator Ickes moved first to check the free flow of oil in the producing fields. His second step was to issue an order fixing prices for a trial period. This order was to have gone into effect on December 1. It has been said in behalf of the Administrator that he really intended the order to be used merely as a basis for hearing and argument and not as a definitive arrangement. However, the precise and unequivocal language of the order, as well as the fact that no hearings were ever held, indicates that when he issued the order Mr. Ickes had every intention of putting it into effect. There can be little doubt that he was under great pressure to do so. The schedule of prices and differentials contained in the order was worked out by the Planning and Coordination Committee, which was completely in the hands of the price-fixing faction of the industry.

The December 1 order was based on the most insubstantial of facts. Indeed, it can truthfully be said that it was not based on facts at all, but only on what the price-fixing advocates thought the traffic would bear. Except for statistics that might be buried in the books of individual companies, there were no facts available upon which even the most judicious and impartial Administrator could possibly base an equitable price for gasoline or crude oil. The cost of distributing gasoline in the retail market had, for example, never been broken down by cost experts for the industry as a whole. Although government agencies had made such studies in other fields, they had kept their hands off the retail gasoline cost structure. The industry has consistently balked any move to investigate its distribution costs. The major companies, as the Department of Commerce confessed in 1930, have gone so far as to refuse to allow any data to be published with respect to the proportion of their retail sales to the total volume of gasoline sales on the domestic market. Without even these rudimentary facts, how was it possible for the Planning and Coordination Committee or the Petroleum Administrator to arrive at the conclusion that a certain grade of gasoline must be sold at retail at a margin of five and one-half cents over the wholesale price in order to allow for costs and profit? Or that six and one-half cents would cover the costs of selling another grade of motor fuel?

The price-fixing order promptly aroused a storm of protest from many quarters, but especially from the surviving independent distributors. They contended that it would increase the cost of gasoline to the automobile owner an average of three cents throughout the country. In this they were supported not only by the Standard Statistics Company, a private agency in New York City, but also by the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA. Mrs. Mary H. Rumsey, chairman of the Consumers' Board, declared in a letter to Administrator Ickes that whereas the code had increased labor costs in the industry by only $125,000,000 annually, "the consumers' bill for petroleum products has been increased at a rate of over $500,000,000 annually." The independents asserted that they could profitably operate filling stations by selling gasoline at retail at a margin of no more than two and a half to three cents over the wholesale price. The larger companies, the independents declared, were insisting upon a margin of five and a half to six and a half cents in order to cover the cost of operating palatial filling stations in high-rent districts. They pointed to "the incredible waste and the insane duplication of marketing outlets," and added that "it would seem the petroleum industry has simply decided that the consumer must pay for all of this madness." The bill to the consumer under the Ickes order, according to statisticians employed by the independents, would have run close to a billion dollars a year, most of it pure profit. Government statisticians privately agreed with this estimate.

The chief complaint of the independents, however, was that they could not hope to compete with the larger companies if they had to sell their goods at the same prices. The latter have a virtual monopoly on conveniently located filling-station sites, and whereas there are many motorists who are willing to drive a few extra blocks to the "tankside" stations owned and operated by independent companies in order to buy gasoline a cent or two cheaper, few would go to that extra effort if they could get their motor fuel at the same price from stations situated on or close to the main traffic arteries. Moreover, the larger companies, out of their more abundant financial resources, can provide their customers with extra service "free of charge."

Administrator Ickes subsequently postponed the effective date of the price-fixing order to January 1. That he took this step because of the protests of the independent companies and consumers' representatives is not borne out by the available facts. On the contrary, there is evidence to show that he was disturbed mainly by the reluctance of the giants of the industry to commit themselves publicly to the price-fixing scheme. Finally he issued an ultimatum, with true Johnsonian brusqueness, demanding that on a certain day and at a certain hour the industry place in his hands an agreement for a settlement of all its differences and problems. The major companies were by no means slow in responding to this plain-spoken invitation. Though they had carried on their warfare over a period of more than two generations, they managed miraculously to come to terms within a few days.

Their proposal, which the Administrator approved with a few unimportant modifications, consists of two agreements. The first provides for the organization of a pool, to be known as the National Petroleum Agency, which will "purchase, hold, and in an orderly way dispose of surplus gasoline which threatens the stability of the oil price structure, in an effort to bring the prices of gasoline into proper relationship with the present price of crude oil and to maintain and support such relationship." The second agreement provides for the establishment and maintenance of what is euphemistically called "marketing margins" for distributors, jobbers, and wholesalers of gasoline. The retail dealers' margins have been set at six cents a gallon for the better grades of gasoline and at three and three-fourths cents for gasoline below sixty-octane rating. Only the refiners are to be parties to this second agreement, and it is intended that they shall exercise a strict control over retail prices by means of standardized sales contracts. "The parties to this agreement shall use only such forms of contract in such transactions. Such contracts shall contain provisions controlling prices of products to ultimate consumers at retail."

It can hardly be argued that this is not bald and naked price-fixing. The industry is now in a position to pass on to the consuming public the entire cost of the palatial filling stations and all the other extravagant expenditures that have attended the development of unnecessary and uneconomic retail outlets. The independent distributor, whose costs are low, may no longer share the difference with the consumer, for when he buys his gasoline from the refiner he must agree

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to charge a certain retail price. Thus he is deprived of his only competitive advantage. Of course, a few refiners may refuse to sign the marketing agreement, but this is not likely to happen since the pooling agreement gives the major companies plenty of power to compel recalcitrant refiners to come into the fold.

The price-fixing features alone are enough to condemn the present arrangement, but other objections to it can also be made. The authority to fix prices rests not with a public agency but with the industry itself; indeed, in the final analysis it rests with the financially more powerful companies. Authority to interpret other provisions of the dual agreement also rests with the industry. For example, the agreement "contemplates that orders and allocations, touching crude-oil production, imports, withdrawals from and additions to storage, and gasoline manufacture shall be such as to balance supply with consumer demand for petroleum products and to prevent the accumulation of supplies of crude oil or petroleum products in excess of desirable economic working levels." Who is to determine when supply and demand are balanced or what constitutes "desirable economic working levels"? It would seem essential from the standpoint of the public interest that this vast power to make decisions affecting not only the entire petroleum industry but every consumer of petroleum products should be placed in the hands of an impartial authority. Instead, Administrator Ickes has permitted the power to be exercised by the National Petroleum Agency, and more particularly by this association's board of governors, which is made up of persons financially interested in the decisions to be arrived at. More than that, the governors are to exercise their control mainly through pool purchases of "surplus" gasoline. By means of these purchases they will in effect be able to control the gasoline market. When the governors are not in session, five of their number may administer the pool's purchases and sales. In addition, "by a majority vote of the entire board of governors *or the vote of nine governors representing members of the association having in the aggregate more than 50 per cent in amount of participation in the association,* purchases may be suspended entirely until they are again authorized by a majority vote of the entire board of governors *and* the vote of nine governors representing such majority interest in amount." In other words, nine of the financially strongest companies have the power of life and death over the pool which is to "maintain and support proper relationships of gasoline prices."

That the exercise of such a power makes for monopoly cannot well be denied. Practices of similar character are permitted or specifically provided for elsewhere in the dual agreement, though such practices have been condemned by the courts and the Federal Trade Commission as monopolistic in tendency and in fact. Government officials who have approved this self-regulating ordinance of the petroleum industry are inclined to minimize its monopolistic features on the ground that some orderly process for marketing the huge stores of "distress" gasoline, which, it is claimed, have been undermining the price structure, simply had to be found if the industry was to be saved. Even if it were true that "distress" gasoline was depressing prices, it is abundantly clear that the particular marketing method selected is perhaps the worst that could have been chosen from the social point of view. And as a matter of fact it is not true that stores of retail gasoline have been a depressing factor. In December, when the agreement was announced, the total stocks amounted to approximately 51,000,000 barrels, or less than two months' supply for the entire country. It seems safe to point out that this is a rather narrow margin for a country that uses as much gasoline as the United States. The aim of the pool agreement is to reduce this margin to 46,000,000 barrels by July 1. In the opinion of the independent distributors this "will make a highly sensitive market at that particular time in the year. The practical result of that aim would be to unduly increase the cost of motor fuel to the public because it will undoubtedly produce a tendency toward higher prices."

The pressure of crude-oil stocks rather than of "distress" gasoline has been the major unsettling factor in the petroleum market. As soon as the petroleum administrator set out to control crude-oil production, signs of stability appeared in the market, while the earnings of the major companies showed immediate improvement. A few weeks later the New York *Times* reported:

> The statements of oil companies so far issued for the third quarter of the year are generally considered satisfactory, and show for the first time in several years that virtually the entire industry is operating on a reasonably profitable basis. As the improvement did not come until the last six weeks of the quarter, it reaffirmed the recent contention in some quarters that oil prices are at levels that mean fairly large profits for the most efficient units and even some profits for most of the high-cost operating units or those less fortunately situated.

With virtually the entire industry "operating on a reasonably profitable basis," it would seem that the aims of the Recovery Act had been achieved in petroleum. But this simple achievement did not satisfy the government officials concerned. They went on with their stabilization plans until they had laid the groundwork for monopolistic control of the industry. In his statement of January 20 approving the pool and marketing agreement, Administrator Ickes betrayed not the slightest interest in this aspect of the problem. Indeed, though he disapproved Section 4 of the marketing agreement, which would have given the financially dominant major companies extraordinary power to punish their smaller and weaker competitors for infractions of the rules, he did not do so on the ground that Section 4 would have strengthened the monopolistic control of the largest companies, but solely because there seemed to him "to be no reason to give directly to those in the petroleum industry a greater remedy for violations of contracts than those in any other industry possess." The administrator's statement contained all the customary assurances to the consumers and public—assurances which, significantly enough, are omitted from the pool and marketing agreement itself—and promised that if the present arrangement did not work, the administrator would be "receptive to suggestions as to the necessity for making further modifications." It is to be doubted that the monopolistic practices permitted under this plan can be corrected or eliminated simply by making "further modifications." These features of the agreement were pointed out to Administrator Ickes by Senator Borah and others before he approved it. Since he accepted the agreement in full knowledge of its obvious defects, there is little hope for any real modification of it with respect to price-fixing and other monopolistic practices.

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Social Workers in the Depression

By EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

THE position of social work in the depression has been unique. While the members of other professions have been facing unemployment, the demand for social workers has increased. As the depression deepened and misery seeped into all social classes, social workers were provided with more and more clients. When it became obvious that millions of our citizens would need to be fed and sheltered by means of private surplus or public funds for a protracted period of time, it also became clear that this gigantic task called for a rapid increase in the number of trained social workers. Thus, while publicists expressed misgivings concerning the future possibilities of other professions, social workers found their status improved and their security enhanced.

In 1930 the federal census stated that there were approximately 48,000 social workers in the country, inclusive of public-health nurses; the total number at present is in the neighborhood of 60,000. It is to be noted that this increase, unlike that of the war period, represents social workers—that is, case workers—and not executives. In other words, there has been no creation of new agencies but rather an enlargement of services. As a matter of fact, there are probably fewer social agencies than formerly, some having gone out of existence during the depression. The increase in case workers amounted to approximately 37 per cent between the years 1929 and 1932. This new demand is also directly reflected in the training schools, where an increase of case workers in training has risen 88 per cent during the same period. Another index representative of the expansion of social work is to be found in the number of applicants for admission to membership in the American Association of Social Workers. In 1928 there were 595 applicants, and in 1933 up to November 1 there were 2,882, an increase of 260 per cent. (A considerable proportion of this increase is to be accounted for by the change in the association's membership requirements.)

Social workers, with the exception of a small number of executives, have never received high salaries. In 1929 the median salaries of 1,119 case workers ranged from $1,200 in cities of 25,000 population to $1,620 in cities of 500,000 and over. The corresponding range for 1932 for 1,536 case workers was $1,325 and $1,632. Yet while there has been a slight increase in the total range, there have been actual decreases in all types of cities with two exceptions. A marked and uniform increase in salaries is found to have occurred in only one classification, namely, district secretaries.

The preceding figures are taken from an analysis made by Ralph G. Hurlin, director of statistics of the Russell Sage Foundation. Another study conducted by the Association of Community Chests and Councils presents a somewhat different picture. Facts gathered from 112 community-chest cities indicate that 75 communities have made actual salary reductions and that 14 others have achieved the same end by means of voluntary contributions. The discrepancy between this study and the one quoted above is more apparent than real; closer examination of the data reveals that the latter study covers a much wider area of social work than the former, and that many if not most of the salary reductions have occurred in the fields of so-called character-building agencies and organizations promoting health. Combining the two studies leads to the conclusion that there have been slight salary reductions in social work in a large number of cities but that these are by no means comparable with similar reductions in salaries for other professions.

Still another indication of the influence of the business depression upon social work may be found in an analysis of the demand for workers as shown by the records of the Joint Vocational Service, a national employment agency for social workers. Although these records indicate *demand* for social workers only, they are nevertheless revealing with respect to the changing status of the profession. In January and August of 1928 public agencies asked for 20 workers and private agencies for 133; of this total of 153 openings, 30 were filled through the J.V.S. In January and August of 1933 public agencies called for 77 workers and private for 98; of this total of 175 openings, 58 were filled through the bureau. One significant trend is revealed by this analysis—namely, the marked increase in demand on the part of the public agencies as compared with the private. Two lesser trends, although not indicated in the figures given above, are also evident—namely, a larger demand for administrative workers, and an increase in the demand for men as distinguished from women workers. Both of these latter trends are due, no doubt, to the rapid expansion of public social work during the depression emergency. From a qualitative point of view it is also to be noted that there is a diminishing demand for so-called group workers, that is, directors for boys' and girls' clubs, recreation, and the like, which is perhaps an indication that services of this nature are regarded as luxuries.

When social institutions change rapidly, the consequence is usually a mixture of bad and good. Thus the prestige and security of of social work have been enhanced during the depression; its place in the American cultural pattern seems to have been, in a sense, validated by the emergency. On the other hand there have been serious set-backs. While salaries have not been sharply reduced, social workers have been subjected to other strains and pressures: many case workers are now asked to carry two and three and even four times as many cases as heretofore; executives have become irritable and staff organizations have been disrupted; untrained persons have been placed in important positions and gross inefficiencies have resulted, especially in the administration of local relief. Social-work standards have been sacrificed.

A more subtle and, from my point of view, a more significant event than any enumerated above must be recorded as one of the consequences of the depression so far as social work is concerned. The depression has forced social workers to reconsider their role in society. Lively discussions are now in process among them centering upon questions which have hitherto haunted only the more sensitive members of the profession. There have always been critics who have insisted

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that social work was merely a manifestation of a diseased society. Although this is a superficial view, as socialized Russia appears to demonstrate, it points to at least one terrible truth. Social work may be necessary in any form of society, but is it also necessary that social work shall function in such manner as to perpetuate the very evils which furnish many of its "cases"? In other words, if social work is the profession which deals with the social problem, to what extent may it become an active agent in promoting fundamental social change? This is the central question which the depression has brought into the open. I do not mean to imply that all or most social workers are excited about this problem. There are persons in social work as in other occupations who approve of the present order of society, there are others who mildly disapprove but are prepared to make compromises with its defects, and there are others, a minority perhaps, who believe that our present economic crisis is traceable to fundamental deficiencies and wrongs in the ordering of society; these would be energized and made both personally and professionally happy if they might feel that their labors were counting on the side of social reorganization. Members of other professional groups are perplexed by the same general problem, but for the engineer, the doctor, or the lawyer there are simpler escapes. The social worker has never received his salary, or his fee, from the client on whose behalf he renders his services. His income has been derived from two sources—governmental taxes and the surplus wealth of those whose income and power and prestige are guaranteed by the existing economic order. Progressive social workers would prefer to function in a society which furnishes basic economic security to all workers; they would like to help in building such a society. The depression has sharpened their awareness of their professional dilemma; the way toward appropriate action is still to be found.

Amenities from a Hospital Pallet

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Baltimore, February 24

WELL, here I am in the Johns Hopkins hospital again, a living testament to the fact that no one with a nervous system like mine can long survive on a steady diet of hard work and moral indignation. That, at least, is my official story, and publicly I intend to stick to it. But speaking strictly among ourselves, I don't mind disclosing that the real causes of my latest flight from Washington were the following: In the first place, I was sick and tired of listening to the testimony of air-mail thieves, crooked bankers, and their political lackeys. My eardrums have been assaulted with more perjury in the last month than the average man is required to absorb in a lifetime. In the second place, I was sick and tired of having to read newspapers whose sole aim in life appears to be that of misleading the public. Third, and most important of all, I was determined to build some more stepladders, and to paint those I built last October. When these noble labors are completed I shall have done more in two months to elevate and uplift the inhabitants of the Maryland Free State than Hank Mencken and Frank Kent have done during thirty years of toiling in the journalistic vineyard. This is not to say that I am actuated largely by idealistic motives. Quite the contrary. For me, the transition has many advantages. The standard of ping-pong here has stiffened perceptibly since last I tested it. Drs. Meyer and Billings are no less solicitous and profound, and the nurses are, if possible, more beautiful and alluring than ever. I am not one of those strong, silent men who object to being pampered when feeling somewhat below par.

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REVERTING to the activities of the air-mail thieves, one does not readily recall anything so contemptible as their willingness to make a target of Lindbergh in order to shield themselves. It probably discloses their real character more vividly than any evidence which has been given before the Black committee. Precisely as they were willing to plunder the national treasury for their own enrichment, they are now willing to sacrifice a national idol for their own protection. Having known about Lindbergh since the days when he was flying the mail out of St. Louis, I never contributed to the hero worship which engulfed him, but in this instance it is obvious that he has been betrayed by craftier men, motivated exclusively by a desire to save their own skins. Incidentally, my recent description of Senator Austin, of Vermont, as one of the choicest New England boobs ever seen in Washington has been questioned, so it seems incumbent on me to submit evidence. First, let it be understood that all Austin's efforts have been directed toward protecting the reputation of the Hoover Administration as affected by the air-mail investigation. I shall touch but lightly on the occasion when he inadvertently developed the fact that the contracts were awarded despite an opinion from Hoover's own Department of Justice that they were illegal. I shall dwell but an instant upon the time when he elicited testimony showing that some of the papers burned by retiring Republican officials were of such a character that the incoming Democratic Administration could use them to discredit their predecessors. I shall pass on to what I consider his premier performance. A post-office inspector had been telling about finding certain papers in the files of the Post Office Department. Chairman Black remarked sarcastically: "Of course, you didn't find any of those that had been burned." The inspector replied, naturally, that he had not, whereupon Vermont's intellectual colossus transfixed him with an accusing glare and demanded: "How do you know you didn't?" The State rests.

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THE language used by the President in approving the newspaper code, with its bogus and unnecessary "freedom of the press" clause, was not unexpected. Indeed, I believe I predicted something of the sort on this very page several weeks ago. He called it "pure surplusage," and that is what it is—except that he might have omitted the word "pure." But it is something more. It was placed there

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originally for the deliberate purpose of raising a false issue which could be used to camouflage and obscure the publishers' opposition to civilized wage-and-hour schedules and to the abolition of child labor in their business. It didn't fool the President, and I doubt whether it fooled anyone else. The pretended indignation of the publishers over the President's rebuke is amusing, especially when they start babbling about their "honorable" tradition. How honorable was it to ask Jim Farley to "put the pressure on" General Johnson until he gave them what they wanted? How honorable was it to print stories saying they had "signed the newspaper code" months before it existed? Honorable, my eye! There is not an industry in the country which has exploited its employees more harshly, or resorted to more ruthless and unscrupulous methods to get what it wanted. Is there a reporter of any experience who doesn't recall one or more instances when fire and building restrictions were quietly waived to accommodate a newspaper plant? Is there one who hasn't seen a reporter bounced out on his ear without a minute's notice or a day's pay simply because the city editor had a hangover or the man had unwittingly stepped on the toes of one of the proprietor's country-club friends? I realize that among the publishers are such enlightened and humane men as Captain Patterson, David Stern, Roy Howard, Paul Patterson, and many others, but to assert that they represent the average would be to insult the intelligence of every journeyman newswriter in the United States. Please, gentlemen, don't make us laugh any harder.

* * * * *

THE "honorable tradition" of the publishing business was brilliantly upheld in two instances recently. One was when William Randolph Hearst published a signed, front-page editorial bitterly assailing the Black committee on the ground that it had intimated there was something improper about Lindbergh's acquisition of stock in the Pan-American Airways. The fact is that the subject had never been mentioned by the committee. The circumstances were made public in an exclusive news story obtained and circulated throughout the United States by the International News Service, owned by William Randolph Hearst! The second instance was supplied by the Washington *Post,* that gallant palladium through which Eugene Meyer hopes to make the country Republican again. Having failed to damage General Johnson by direct attack, the *Post* turned its guns on Miss Frances Robinson, his assistant. Most of the printed innuendoes concerning her were derived from the fact that she is receiving a salary of nearly $6,000 a year; that is, nearly as much as her chief. I dare say I know as much about her duties as anyone outside the organization, and I wouldn't have her job for $6,000 a year—nor for $60,000. Her average working day is about eighteen hours. Once, at two o'clock in the morning, she fainted at her desk from exhaustion. But the wisecracking Bayards of the *Post* are quite safe. The young woman weighs less than 105 pounds and has no near male relatives. Is it possible they assured themselves of this fact before opening fire?

* * * * *

THE truth is that the underpaying and overworking of government officials and employees under this Administration has been and still is disgraceful. The very idea of Johnson holding down a job more gigantic in scope and importance than any which exists in private industry at a salary of $6,000 a year is preposterous. At this moment the man is trying to sell his New York home so he will have funds to tide him through the task of reconstruction. Many men occupying posts of vital public importance are nearing the end of their savings, and some have already begun to borrow. Thriving businesses and lucrative law practices have been allowed to languish and sometimes disappear because their owners could not bring themselves to desert in the heat of the battle. There is another and vastly different class which is rapidly becoming a serious problem, especially for the NRA. It consists of men who came into the organization, remained long enough to familiarize themselves with its workings and to impress the private employers who came in contact with them, and then resigned to sell their services to the highest bidders. Once they have sold out they are safe. The slings of the *Daily Worker* and the arrows of the *Herald Tribune* are reserved for those who remain on the job. Because of their devotion, they must take it on the chin. If my language at times appears to grow slightly intemperate, attribute it to such causes as this. As between the tories on one flank and the Communists on the other, it behooves the decent, sensible people of this country to pray fervently to God for the privilege of remaining in the majority.

* * * * *

BUT to hell with all this! They tell me the old tank of hot water is waiting, and I can either snooze there for an hour or smoke a choice Havana while a red-headed nurse holds my hand and reads me a detective story. For the present you will all have to shift for yourselves. Let 'em steal the Capitol if they can. It's nothing in my life.

In the Driftway

WHOOPING cranes, white pelicans, wild turkeys, and all the other fancy American birds and beasts that Davy Crockett knew may strut once more in their former glory and abundance if the recommendations of the President's Committee on Wild Life are put into effect. In a report just issued the committee urges the immediate acquisition of five million acres of submarginal agricultural land in forty-four States and the gradual acquisition of from eight to ten million additional acres for the reproduction and conservation of our sorely depleted wild life, in the interest of sportsmen, students, and future generations of Americans—who, if depressions and hard winters continue, may find it handy to have the uplands restocked with edible game bearing detachable fur coats.

* * * * *

THE committee found that migratory waterfowl are threatened with virtual extinction by the destruction of breeding and nesting areas caused by drainage operations, the encroachment of unprofitable agriculture, and the "random efforts of our disordered progress toward an undefined goal." The last remnants of the long-billed curlews in New Mexico, Utah, and elsewhere are declining in number be-

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cause of the grazing off of nesting cover on their breeding grounds. And the same forces have conspired to reduce alarmingly our once abundant resources of upland game birds and animals, as well as "song, insectivorous, and ornamental birds," as the report quaintly puts it. The report includes 401 tentative projects for the utilization of submarginal lands—at a tentative cost of some $50,000,000—and urges the appointment of a Restoration Commissioner under the direction of the Secretaries of the Interior, of Agriculture, and of Commerce, who shall coordinate the wild-life restoration work of all existing government services. It further recommends the appointment of a Federal Wild Life Director—a title which appeals no end to the Drifter's sporting nature.

* * * * *

ALTOGETHER the report of the Committee on Wild Life is the most appealing government document the Drifter has seen in years. For one thing it is illustrated with a cartoon by Ding, who was a member of the committee and whose picture of a bull moose bawling for help should wring the heart of any Congressman. For another, it abounds in such lovely words as snipe and plover, ruffed, pinnated, and sharptail grouse, mountain sheep, antelope, sage hens, and elk. In fact, the Drifter can think of only two possible objections to its unanimous adoption. Mark Sullivan will be furious, for the report bristles with phrases about national planning, and as he put it so freshly only the other day, "planned economy is the same thing as collectivism, and collectivism is what the radicals in the Administration are moving toward"—and God forbid that any American bird should submit to a plan even if it saves his life. The other objection is even less important. If the government's project to retire submarginal lands is successful, and farmers are allowed to work only rich productive land, we must expect also, no doubt, the retirement of a great proportion of those submarginal characters which have been of late the outstanding American contribution to fiction. But who will deny that one whooping crane is as rich in human values as any one of the characters in, say, "Tobacco Road"?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Editor and the Tugwell Bill

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Here is an instance concerning the country press and the Tugwell bill. The *Publishers' Auxiliary,* a house organ of the Western Newspaper Union which assumes to represent the country newspapers as a trade journal, has been fomenting an attack on the bill. Each week the *Auxiliary* prints a series of letters of protest. I wrote a communication expressing, as editor of the *Vineyard Gazette,* my cordial support of the bill. I have not discovered my letter in print, and a request for information concerning it, which was accompanied by a stamped return envelope, has been ignored.

In a word, an attempt is being made to show unanimous opposition to the bill on the part of country newspapers. A little suppression just helps the cause along.

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

Martha's Vineyard, Mass., January 31

A Reproach from a Neighbor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the January 3 issue of *The Nation* your reviewer of reviews, K. S. Thompson, goes a long way to make a good point. Witness what she says about one review of "Anthony Adverse":

> *The New Republic* put the judgment of most reviewers clearly when it declared: "Its monumental bulk alone raises it above the common mass of novels into a region appreciably nearer the stars." Here I take refuge in the words of Elmer Davis: "I am unable to agree with most of our readers that a large book is necessarily a good book."

But let's see what the *New Republic* reviewer, T. S. Matthews, actually wrote about "Anthony Adverse":

> . . . no adventure story, however picaresque, of however solid a weave, should be spun out to such a length. It is hard not to judge such a book as "Anthony Adverse" too severely, for its monumental bulk alone raises it above the common mass of novels into a region appreciably nearer the stars."

In other words, Mr. Matthews and Miss Thompson were substantially in agreement—but Miss Thompson was bent on proving that Mr. Matthews was wrong, and in order to do so, pulled one of his remarks so far out of its context that it would take a first-class bonesetter to get it back again.

New York, January 19 MALCOLM COWLEY,
Literary Editor, the *New Republic*

The Irish Treaty

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You will permit me to disagree with the comments of "An Irish Observer" in *The Nation* for January 10.

Your commentator says that the treaty of 1921 was supposed to settle the Irish question permanently. Supporters of the Cosgrave and Griffith Cumann na nGaedheal Party, of whom I numbered myself one, were informed that the treaty had been accepted under threats of force, that partition and the Free State were only temporary arrangements, and that Ireland was on the road to a republic. I challenge your observer to show me anywhere in the writings of the Free State's President, Arthur Griffith, a statement declaring the treaty to be a permanent settlement.

There is no denying your observer's remark that Irish acceptance of the treaty in a plebiscite constitutes a hard fact. What else could the Irish people do? Murder and violence by Black and Tans and police happened frequently enough, and Lloyd George gave the Irish people the alternatives of a bigger and better campaign of terrorism or acceptance of the treaty. But need the Irish people continue to accept the treaty? Many of De Valera's opponents in the United Ireland Party ask themselves the same question. James Dillon of the United Ireland Party stated on December 30 that when declaration of a republic was feasible they would so declare it without consulting Dominion Secretary Thomas.

Again, does repudiation of a treaty admittedly accepted under duress involve the honor of a nation? The statement that Arthur Griffith did not develop a political philosophy is adequately refuted in R. M. Henry's book "The Evolution of Sinn Fein." As to calling De Valera an idealist because he seeks to get rid of the economic concept that Ireland is an English farm—it is merely a poorly thought-out opinion.

Philadelphia, February 10 BRENDON O'DWYER

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Books, Drama, Films

Makers of Modern America

The Robber Barons: The Great American Capitalists. 1861-1901. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, whose previous writings include biographies of the Frenchmen Zola and Rousseau, has here essayed the role of American historian; and this book is an effort to tell the story of the development of American monopoly capitalism in its formative years, not in economic but in human and dramatic terms. "The Robber Barons," therefore, is not a history of the institutional growth of American railroads, steel, oil, finance, and the heavy industries generally, but of the railroad builders, the steelmasters, the oil refiners, and the bankers—of Vanderbilt, Gould, Huntington, Hill, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Frick, Morgan, and the rest of that exalted company which made modern America.

"The Robber Barons" is more than this, however. Realizing that history cannot be written purely in static terms—that in this instance it is not merely a gallery of industrialists—Mr. Josephson has sought to make his narrative dynamic. There must be presented (he has apparently told himself) a steady progression of events, a movement onward and upward in the lives of my chief actors; and this flow can be caught only by relating my heroes to a time sequence. The method, in short, is that of the great romantic novel: the personalities in the narrative cannot be analyzed, labeled, and filed away once and for all; rather, they must be brought forth as characters who develop their destinies side by side over a long generation and who are finally joined in the great climax which takes place with the integration of industrial capitalism and banking promotion under the aegis of the finance capitalist.

It must at once be apparent what a highly ambitious task this is; and while "The Robber Barons" contains many excellences it is only proper to evaluate it in terms of the author's intention rather than by his many incidental achievements. By this measure "The Robber Barons," I am afraid, cannot be regarded as particularly successful; in fine, because it does not turn out to be the history of American capitalism, we are still compelled to await such a work.

Mr. Josephson is entitled to much praise. His book is far and away superior to the average historical product coming out of our learned seminaries: it is imaginatively conceived, remarkably well written, and, what is even more important, it is dialectically sound. This last in itself is an accomplishment of the first order. Mr. Josephson, as preparation for his study, has read Marx, Sombart, Veblen, and Tawney; as a result he can see the successful creation of monopoly capitalism as a progressive task which had to be performed in America before the gains of the Second American Revolution—the struggle between the slavocracy of the South and the young industrial capitalism of the North—could be fully realized. Seen in such a light, the performances of the great American industrialists are of the utmost significance; true, they despoiled the country's natural resources, sweated human labor, and contrived only for individual gain, but what they built—a mechanized and rationalized industrial scheme—was as important to the achievement of the next human goal, a socialist state and a classless society, as the destruction of the decayed lower order which held back their forward march. Mr. Josephson's theoretical discussions, as well as those initial chapters which tell of the preparation of the industrialists for their revolutionary work, are illuminating and important additions to our understanding of America's recent past. From this point, however, the author's contributions are of less moment, and, indeed, in certain particulars his interpretations and methods are inadequate. In the limited confines of this review I can devote myself to but three specific criticisms.

First, "The Robber Barons" is written almost entirely from secondary sources; what primary works were available were not utilized. Mr. Josephson has read the many official and the only too few critical biographies and histories we have of American industries and their founders, and only such material as he has found readily at hand has he worked into the making of his book. Thus "The Robber Barons" is particularly and, in many instances, unnecessarily detailed in its narratives concerning the railroads, oil, and steel; but it gives scarcely more than a page to meat-packing, mentions the great agricultural-machinery industry only in passing, and has nothing at all to say about those other outstanding monopolies of the period—milling, local traction, tobacco, and the like. The stories of meat-packing and milling are necessary to an appreciation of the processes of American monopolist development, but these could have been narrated only as a result of considerable pains on the part of the author: he would have been compelled to read the voluminous reports of the Bureau of Corporations and the Federal Trade Commission, Congressional hearings, many obscure Ph.D. theses, and the files of our learned economic journals; the labors would have been herculean but only in this fashion could the job have been done at all.

Second, the development of American capitalism is an extraordinarily complex phenomenon, and a reading of 'The Robber Barons" plainly shows that its story cannot be told alone in terms of the personalities who participated in its advance. The part played by agriculture, the role of international borrowings in starting off our infant industrial economy, the contributions to industrial expansion made on the one hand by undistributed corporate earnings and on the other by national savings, labor struggle and the reasons for its lack of a revolutionary character, governmental policy and encouragement of private enterprise, programs of dissent, the formulation of methods of public regulation—these are some of the essential elements of the history of capitalism without whose detailing a proper knowledge of our recent past is impossible.

Third, an elaborate concern with the capitalists themselves and not with the characteristics of capitalism's institutional growth has led Mr. Josephson into the commission of a significant error: he has tended to oversimplify, and therefore to distort, the nature of monopoly formation. The book's title, "The Robber Barons," is based on the creation of an intricate parallel between the medieval barons and the early capitalists: the former could exact their toll from their contemporaries because they were able to establish their castles at vital points in communication systems—rivers, mountain passes, and the like; the latter advanced to power and wealth because, by one bold exploit or another, they were able to gain control of similar "strategic narrows," in this case important industrial processes or stages "through which the stream of commodities must pass from the earth to the consumer."

It must, upon reflection, be apparent how erroneous an interpretation this is. For example, Carnegie's original power was built upon his early alliances with railroads and his location in western Pennsylvania near coal and ore deposits; but the monopoly in unfinished steel of the Carnegie Steel Company was a slow and involved process that took almost thirty years to consummate. It was not until the Carnegie Company had built up a great vertical trust which combined coal fields, coke ovens, limestone deposits, iron mines, Lake boats, and furnaces—incidentally, attained through the utilization of undistributed profits—that Carnegie was ready for any threat aimed at his domina-

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tion. The same complex round is to be seen in Standard Oil's development.

In the case of meat-packing, monopoly was contrived after an even greater passage of time and the utilization of even more complicated methods. The meat-packers grew into monopolists, first, because they were located at the initial cash market, the Chicago stockyards; second, because they gained exclusive possession of their transportation facilities through a monopoly over refrigerator cars; third, because they employed their undistributed profits to perfect chemical controls over their industry so that waste parts of steers and hogs could be converted into useful and salable articles; and fourth, because they succeeded in setting up a perfectly functioning distribution system. A happy and chance location at some strategic economic "narrows," in the various instances related, had very little to do with the attainment of ultimate monopoly control. The conclusion is irresistible: only by a close study of the institutions themselves and the outer forces which helped shape them, and not by a preoccupation with their original organizers, can we worm out the secret of monopoly capitalism and record the history of its progress. The roles of the individuals participating are then reduced to their proper historical proportions.

We are in Mr. Josephson's debt on many counts: he has written an interesting and colorful narrative; he has distilled the essence of many other biographical works and furnished us with a convenient summary of the outstanding achievements of some of our great industrialists; and he has given the still untutored the correct approach to an understanding of our recent American past. To those who want more—who want, in short, an institutional history of American capitalism—he has proved that such a work must be a long and laborious task. It will not be easy of achievement, for much of the spade work still remains to be done. Perhaps there is in the audience some philanthropist who, with an eye toward his future protection, would like to endow an American Institute of Red Professors of History?

LOUIS M. HACKER

Eros and Neuros

Weymouth Sands. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. $3.

THIS is the third large novel which Mr. Powys has written about the doings of two little gods. He does not invoke their names, but he so frequently employs their epithets—erotic and neurotic—that we know who they are all right, even though the better-known of them has been disguised. The cheeks of Eros are neither round nor red, he carries no quiver, and he does not move by wings. He is as pale-faced as his brother, as loathsomely deformed, and as much under the necessity, when he wants to proceed from one place to another in that portion of southern England which Mr. Powys has chosen for the scene, of slithering on his belly. The two of them together have Mr. Powys's human world completely under their power. Not a man or a woman in Weymouth, not a boy or a girl, not even a ghost but writhes in the grip of some irregular and distorted passion, or grows steadily more grotesque under the influence of an insane illusion.

The author of "A Philosophy of Solitude" and "In Defense of Sensuality" is at some pains to make it clear that the whole world either is or ought to be this way, and to suggest that he is so creating it here in protest against a scheme of things whereby science will soon have "killed God, tortured the last animal to death, suckled all babies with machines, eavesdropped on the privacy of all souls, and made life to its last drop an itch of the blood and a weariness of the will." Or it may be that he has set out to create a special world which will be a horrible example of what science, etc., can do to us. I doubt it, though. I think he has proposed to show us, in the face of the various belittling analyses we have made of human nature, how grand and terrible it is after all, and how it is possible that powerful personalities shall continue to exist. If his personalities are not actually powerful, and I find this to be the case, then the explanation may be that science already has triumphed, leaving only such gaunt simulacrums of greatness as Sylvanus Cobbold and Dogberry Cattistock, to take only two of Mr. Powys's people who have failed, I take it, to be what he wanted them to be.

But of course another explanation would be that Mr. Powys is not a first-rate novelist. In spite of the fact that he writes with a richness which I like and is nowhere really uninteresting, I am afraid that this second explanation is the more plausible one. It seems to be the simplest way of accounting for the further fact that the several stories he has interwoven in Weymouth do not come off. They ought to come off, it would seem. The setting is always gorgeous, the people have vast potentialities, and Mr. Powys is continually promising us crises and disclosures of gigantic moment. But when the crises arrive we somehow miss in them the one telling stroke we had expected, and the disclosures have a strange way of limiting the world of Weymouth instead of enlarging it, so that we suddenly perceive it to be more like the little life we live than we had been led to suppose it was. We discover merely that Mr. Powys has been trying to read into life something which is not there. We might wish it were there, but we know that Mr. Powys is not the man to convince us that it is.

Curiously enough it is Mr. Powys's weakest and least pretentious person who remains the most believable. Perdita Wane, the timid girl whom a steamer from Guernsey delivers into this menagerie of monsters, can everywhere be felt with and understood, and indeed any reader is likely to be in constant suspense concerning her. But Adam Skald her lover, Sylvanus Cobbold the mystic, Jerry Cobbold the comedian, Lucinda Cobbold, Dogberry Cattistock, Magnus Muir, Larry Zed, Captain Poxwell, and Gipsy May—these and all the rest, in spite of Mr. Powys's very ably phrased vaunts as to their immenseness, are never anything but husks with artificial hair whose complicated stories move us neither to pity nor to terror. I heartily wish it were otherwise. Surely there was never a man who desired more deeply than Mr. Powys does to write a great novel, or who made more elaborate and admirable preparations. Few novelists have possessed so many of the required qualities without possessing the one quality—I cannot name it—which is essential. Mr. Powys is not without his fascinations, and he can be read with an absorption which one by no means experiences every day. But so far he does not seem to be a great novelist.

MARK VAN DOREN

America in Jugoslavia

The Native's Return. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

WHEN I picked up this book of Louis Adamic's I was reminded of something—not Hardy, that was "The Return of the Native," but Harvey, George Harvey, to whom Henry James had written a long letter in October, 1904, about his "Impression Papers" of America, which already, less than a month after his return to his native land—he had been absent twenty-one years—were gathering volume and force. James deeply regretted that Thomas Hardy had made it impossible for him to call his projected book "The Return of the Native," gave up as a substitute "The Return of the Novelist," and published "The American Scene." Louis Adamic

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is far enough away from Hardy by now to use for his book its perfect title, "The Native's Return."

We all know the genesis of the book—the genesis, that is, of *a* book to be written on the foundation of a Guggenheim Fellowship which Adamic received in the spring of 1932, "requiring me," he says quaintly enough in his first sentence, "to go to Europe for a year." Somehow the sense of privilege drops out there; it is almost as if the book to be written—"a new book dealing with America"—were a slight weight on his mind; as if the "American scene," to drop into clichés, were in sad disarray. The book he wrote—this book of his own native land—offers us an excellent example of how really good things come to be. He sailed to the east to discover, to objectify, America, his chosen subject; but he came upon another and better one—as Columbus, sailing west to discover old China, came upon a new continent. Yet without America, without Mr. Guggenheim, he could never have discovered Jugoslavia.

He went back with his wife to Jugoslavia on what was to be no more than a brief family visit after an absence of nineteen years. His charming story of how he found himself famous and carried Mr. "Gugnhaim" up the ladder with him is the story of one of life's constant surprises. His book-to-be was made for him on the spot by life itself; all its stuff handed to him on old native platters at never-ending feasts of welcome. The idea of "a new book dealing with America" seems to have dropped out of his mind at first sight of Dalmatia, at first sight of "Asia in Europe." The homecoming rites, the sweet courtesies, the wedding festa of Toné and Yulka, the dignified death of old Yanez, the simple, hard, honest life of his people, above all, the astonishing sense of being a central figure of myth-in-the-making, made America pre-Columbian, a fable itself. What could make it more fabulous to Adamic than the "legend" which sprang up overnight throughout Jugoslavia, of its own Loyzé Adamich one day receiving a letter "from a man named Gugnhaim . . . bigger even than the President of the United States, whom the people elect only for a few years, while Gugnhaim is Gugnhaim all the time," of Loyzé, "this boy from Blato," consenting to call on the great man, accepting a cigar, listening to his host's praises of the Slovenes, Croats, Serbs, who worked harder and longer in his mines than any others and helped more than others to make him rich? "My idea is this," said the Gugnhaim of the legend, "that you let me pay for your and your wife's trip there and back . . . Stay there a year, then come back and tell me all you have seen and heard—tell me, honestly, just as things are—and after that, if you like, write a book about your trip so that other people in America will learn about your country also. . . ." And then, so the messianic legend ran, "Gugnhaim" would probably come to Europe himself and save it—in ways undreamed of in America.

And so, instead of some possible "America as a Foreign-born Son Sees It," we have "The Native's Return," made, so to say, to his own country's gay order. We have first its impact on him, so strange yet so familiar in its customs, its folklore, its simple, ancient wisdom. Then we have—what? A travel book? a running history of the land? a war book? a book on present-day economics? Something of each, of the pleasantest sort to "take"; and perhaps it is not until we have laid the book down, or perhaps not till the day after, that we realize we have, too, here, "a new book dealing with America." The Guggenheim Fellowship "requiring" Mr. Adamic to go to Europe for a year is, in his case, remarkably acquitted of any baseness in its requirement. It has given an old country a new legend; it has given a new country—ours—an indirect view of itself seen by old eyes, the eyes of this bit of Asia in Europe. Thanks to Mr. Adamic, the vision was caught and ever so quietly painted in. America lies between the lines of every page in this book on Jugoslavia.

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Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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Labor and Steel

Labor and Steel. By Horace B. Davis. International Publishers. $2.

Private Police. By J. P. Shalloo. American Academy of Political and Social Science.

HORACE DAVIS chose an exceedingly difficult task for himself when he set out to study the steel industry and in particular the problems of the steel workers. In no other industry has labor had to face such bitter and determined opposition. No other industry has been so successful in crushing every effort of the workers to organize themselves. Steel has all the vices and none of the virtues of monopoly. Its great strength extends beyond its own mills and furnaces, reaching into other industries, into legislatures and even high government offices, into police departments and newspapers. Organized labor, especially as we have known it in the United States, had no chance against this power. Steel's anti-union policy has held fast for thirty years and more. Steel refuses even to divulge information concerning the status and condition of its workers.

Despite the handicaps confronting him, Mr. Davis has done a workman-like job. He has covered virtually everything in relation to the steel industry that could be of interest to the working class, to whom he primarily addresses himself. Much of his information comes from personal experience or personal observations, for he has himself worked in the mills. Other data have been supplied by such dependable investigators as Edward Ernst and Emil M. Hartl. For the rest the author has gone largely to government documents and the works of notable labor economists and other scholars. The picture Mr. Davis presents is anything but hopeful. He finds that there has been some improvement in the matter of reducing the number of accidents and eliminating occupational diseases, two of the worst enemies of the steel worker when he is on the job. But even this improvement has been achieved largely because the steel companies have found it profitable to adopt a few safety measures. The accident and disease toll among the steel workers is still frightfully large.

The industry exacts tribute from the workers in other ways as well. It pays pauper wages on the one hand and generous dividends on the other. The worker must submit to long hours, stretch-out systems, pension chiselers, and irregular employment. He is constantly hounded by straw bosses and spies. And now his job appears slowly to be vanishing, giving way before the steady encroachment of technological progress. But the excess profits and enormous cash surpluses of most of the steel companies continue to be piled up no matter what happens to the worker. A more emotional student might have lost his critical balance in presenting these facts. Mr. Davis, however, remains sober throughout, and for the most part manages to preserve his objectivity, dropping only once or twice into the role of the labor agitator. In two sections he is, regrettably, rather weak. His analysis of the structure and ramifications of the steel trust could well be improved upon, and in discussing the strike of 1919 he seems to have passed up an opportunity to emphasize the fact that the strike was lost because of the fundamental fallacy upon which organized labor rests in this country—the voluntarism of Gompers, which has kept the working class divided against itself since Gompers broke the Knights of Labor.

In any study of conditions among the steel or coal workers of Pennsylvania considerable attention must be given to the problem of the private police. Horace Davis mentions them only incidentally. Dr. Shalloo examines the problem in an impartial manner. He presents the point of view of the employer as well as that of the worker. On the whole, however,

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the evidence he has assembled constitutes a most damning indictment of the use of private police, detectives, and labor spies. Mr. Davis's audience would be well repaid if it would study "Private Police" along with "Labor and Steel." Dr. Shalloo's monograph is the first of a series on related subjects to be published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

A Fresh Talent

Fireweed. By Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN view of recent prognostications with regard to the public's mood and prevailing opinions, which in fiction have been thought to be favorable to romance, it is sobering to observe the regularity with which books like "Fireweed," by Mildred Walker, exemplifying a singularly unadorned and self-assured realism, continue to exercise their persuasion. It should not be difficult to name a succession of novels—from the "Bad Girl" of a few years ago down to "Little Man, What Now?" which was being read only last summer—in which young people of an almost unicellular simplicity have mated and propagated, ingratiatingly enough, without any of the usual aids to romantic illusion, in which practically all the emergencies have been either obstetrical or economic and have borne little or no relation to the "nice shades" and "finer feelings." The heroine in "Fireweed" is seventeen or so at the opening. She works in the general store in a sawmill town on Lake Superior. She is used to buying her dresses and high-heeled slippers with the aid of a mail-order catalogue, paying something like $2.95 an item and securing for her investment something like two dollars and ninety-five cents' worth of style and no durability. She marries Joe Linsen partly as a concession to morals and partly because she believes he will take her away to the city. But Joe doesn't much care for the city. So she bears him two children, nature having arranged things that way. The depression penetrates at length even to their sequestered corner, eliminating her last chance of going anywhere else. Joe ruins his Sunday pants putting out a fire at the lumber yard, now deserted.

> "Gee, Joe, why didn't you let the whole place burn? I hoped it would."
>
> Joe looked at her curiously. "Gosh, Cele, I don't know what to think of you! That's the best hardwood you can get any place. Anyway, don't you know I'm foreman down in the yard?"
>
> "Not any more you aren't."
>
> "Say, get this, Cele, I'm foreman till the last stick is sold out of there."

And when the last stick is sold Joe will still be able to shoot and set traps and cut his own firewood and catch his own fish. "They can't shut down the lake, anyway." And then, think of "those big-moneyed guys" that were "knocked for a loop" by the "flop in Wall Street" and are left in a "regular blind alley"!

It is difficult to convey the impression wrought by the simple fidelity of a book compounded of such ordinary materials. There are no surprises, but the words and the sentences fall in place with an ease and a naturalness and an inevitability that are better than any surprise:

> Dust gathered alike on the heavy chairs and the thin glass goblets. No one thought to draw the shades, and the day's sun and the night's dark passed uninterrupted over the wallpaper forest. The colors faded a little more in the bright light, watching the bare branches beyond the window put forth new buds.

Passages like this make no pretense of being tone poems, but they show a sensitive ear and a richness of quiet feeling without

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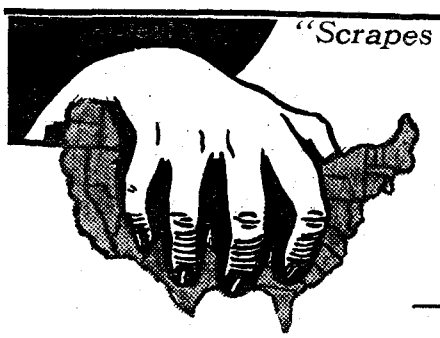

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the support of which such a story as "Fireweed" might easily have relapsed to a level of inconsequence.

One has come to expect that the author of a promising first novel will bite off more than he can chew. That, perhaps, is what makes him promising. But what can one say about a beginner like Mildred Walker whose competence is shown, in her very first novel, to be so far in advance of her ambition, except that fulfilment, however modest, is better than promise? Certainly a writer who is able to infuse such a steady glow of life into commonplace characters living in commonplace surroundings has a talent and a technique already very refined.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

New Fiction

Glass. By Howard Stephenson. Claude Kendall. $2.50.

"Glass" is one of those novels of American life which serve to remind the reader how many Americas there are, and how remote from New York are most of them. It is the account of the establishing of a glass factory in a farming area, of the springing up of a mushroom township to house and cater for the Belgian glass-blowers, and of the effect upon the American farming community of this alien invasion. To George Rood, who loves the soil, the factory and its people are anathema. His wife dies in childbirth on the day the roar of the first gas well drilled to feed the factory is heard, and he believes that the unexpected glare and noise killed her. He brings up his son in his own passionate loyalty to the land and repudiation of the new life at his gates. But the young George has been fascinated from childhood by the skill of the glass-blowers, by the processes of the factory, and the day comes when he breaks away from the farm for good and goes to work in a town at some distance, where he becomes an experimenter in the making of glass. That portion of the book, apparently a first novel, which describes the conflict between the farmer and the intruders, and contrasts the life of the two differing elements of the population is interesting and convincing. But the sureness and strength which Mr. Stephenson displays here desert him when he turns to the personal story he has woven about his central theme. A needlessly elaborate and melodramatic plot betrays the inexperienced writer and lessens the force of the whole work. Against this not unnatural unevenness of quality, however, must be set the freshness and real beauty of many poetic passages dealing both with the land and with the glass factory.

The Innocent Wife. By Colette. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

This is very early Colette; the last of the four in the Claudine series written in collaboration with Willy, and called in the original "Claudine s'en va." With her wavering passions well in hand Claudine fades off into the background and gives first place to Annie, whose innocent trust and love center for years around a husband never unmasked until he takes a trip and leaves his wife at the mercy of the truthful tongues of kind friends. To do her justice Claudine requires a great translator, for her merits in their way are as elusive as Proust's, and while the present translation succeeds in imposing a contemporary idiom on a pre-war book, the quality of the original is diluted. Not that this book is as fine as "L'Envers du music-hall," nor that it contains any such figure as Lea in "La fin du chéri," but early as it is, it has adequate indications of what with time have become Colette's chief talents: wit and wisdom and with them an unfailing and always fresh source of a surprising humaneness; a great gift for character in miniature; and greatest of all, a genius for considering and displaying the emotions.

Drama

Newsreel

JOHN WEXLEY is already well known for his harrowing drama of the death house entitled "The Last Mile." Now the Theater Guild has produced at the Royale Theater his latest play, summoning all its artistic resources to the support of another drama of social protest. For his subject Mr. Wexley has chosen the Scottsboro case, and he has chosen, moreover, to follow actual events about as closely as it is possible to do without using the names of persons concerned. He calls his play "They Shall Not Die," and by the downrightness of that title he suggests what his whole treatment reaffirms—namely, that his purpose is to make the most direct assault possible upon the feelings of his audience and the most direct appeal for the active participation of its members in the public protest against the execution of four Negroes convicted of rape in an obviously prejudiced court.

Now there is much to be said for the good old rule that a writer should be judged, in the first instance at least, only by the extent to which he succeeds in doing what he set out to do. Nor can there be much doubt that if this rule is applied, Mr. Wexley's play will have to be set down as the best thing of its sort seen here in many a year. To begin with, events themselves favored his enterprise, since they shaped themselves more simply and unequivocally than events commonly do. The case is as plain as a case could be, and hence fact seems to support him when he states an issue in the clear black and white of the partisan unwilling to admit that a case may be seen from more than one angle. But this is not all, for Mr. Wexley, unlike many authors of similar plays, is as sure of his methods as he is of his conviction, and he has stuck with admirable persistence to a direct presentation of events accompanied by only a very small minimum of argument or interpretation. He does, to be sure, make very clear his intellectual attitude upon one issue. The defense is right in insisting that the case shall not be tried merely on the basis of the abstract justice due to four individuals; it must be seized upon as a concrete illustration of that struggle between classes which only occasionally reveals itself in so dramatic a form. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Wexley begs the question as he does not often do when he makes the representative of a society for the improvement of colored people so obviously a hypocrite and a tool. But by far the greater part of his play is given over to scenes, often painfully vivid, of direct and brutal narration. There is no psychological subtlety, almost no character drawing except, rather unsuccessfully, in the case of the girl who retracts her testimony. Neither is there any attempt to present a novel interpretation or even to see any deeper into a situation than others have seen before. But Mr. Wexley's conviction seems to be that nothing of the sort is necessary and that the facts of the newspaper, merely somewhat condensed and somewhat pointed up, are all that is required. Some "social plays" are debates and some are orations. Some even take refuge in the symbols of "expressionism" in an effort to get beyond mere fact. But "They Shall Not Die" is none of these things. It does not wish to get beyond fact. It is essentially a newsreel and effective in the newsreel's fashion.

Truth is stranger than fiction. This proves not only what it is commonly taken to prove but also that truth is often not sufficient for a work of art whose business it is to be more convincing and less strange than fact. If Mr. Wexley's play were frank invention, we should not believe it entirely and we should probably argue that his division of mankind into heroes

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and villains was far too simple. He may reply that the facts will bear him out, as, in general, I suspect that they will—which brings us back to the main point of his success in doing what he has tried to do. On this I can only repeat that this success is outstanding. I do not know to what extent he can, or need, change the opinion of those who have followed the newspaper accounts. Neither do I know how likely it is that many of those who refused to read such accounts will now be moved to go to the Royale. I do think, however, that I can promise all who go a sufficiently harrowing evening.

In addition it must be added that the play could hardly be better presented from the standpoint of direction, setting, or acting. Claude Rains is superb as the defense attorney, Ben Smith is almost as good as the eminently hissable prosecutor, and Ruth Gordon is appealing in the somewhat less convincing role of the girl who recants.

In conclusion it is hardly worth while for me to return to the doubts which I have expressed upon previous occasions concerning the claims of such plays to a consideration from the critic of art as distinguished from the advocate of social reforms. Certainly the terms which one must select for the praise of this one are not those which one would usually find most applicable to most great plays. One must content oneself with saying that it treats an important event, that it vividly recounts certain incidents in the news, that it certainly provides a thoroughly uncomfortable three hours. One then concludes with the hope that it will do good. If a play of which only those things can be said is a great play, then "They Shall Not Die" is great.

The press agent of "Queer People" (National Theater) hints darkly that the play was badly received by the press because Hollywood demanded that it be discouraged. I cannot, of course, speak for my colleagues in more influential positions, but I can assure the suspicious gentleman that no movie magnate has thought it worth while to approach me and that I arrived unaided at the opinion that the piece is a clumsy and highly unsuccessful effort to achieve a frenetic satiric farce of the "Twentieth Century"–"She Loves Me Not" variety.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Miss Bergner's Catherine

NOTHING in Alexander Korda's new picture deserves as much attention as the acting, in the title role, of Elizabeth Bergner, the young German actress who is now enjoying such a great success on the London stage. "Catherine the Great" (Astor) is another of those attempts on the part of Mr. Korda to bring a certain novelty and freshness to the treatment of historical material on the screen. As in his "Henry the Eighth," he has tried to remove much of the stuffiness and artificiality which have always made the costume type of screen drama so tedious to the mind and eye. To a large extent he has succeeded, but the qualities that he has substituted in their place are not so easy to identify or describe. It is not possible, for example, to say that Mr. Korda has managed to introduce into the films the kind of "debunking" attitude so popular with historians and biographers of the last few decades. Although there is much so-called humanization of the royal personages in his last two pictures, in the way of excessive belching and below-stairs lovemaking and the rest, the final attitude toward them is far from being unpleasantly critical. Henry VIII was really a lovable old scoundrel, and "Little Catherine" put the welfare of her people above every other

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT. Biltmore Theater. J. C. Nugent and Elisabeth Risdon in a broad but funny farce about the taming of a self-made man.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE SHINING HOUR. Booth Theater. What happens to a quiet English family when love puts in an unexpected appearance. Delightful comedy and the best of the recent offerings.

THEY SHALL NOT DIE. Royale Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

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consideration. (How much historical fact is ignored or circumvented to achieve these portraits is of course another and hardly less important matter.) Upon closer scrutiny, none of the recent films dealing with royalty reflects anything but the most traditional acceptance of the "divine right of kings." The most that can be said of Alexander Korda's historical films is that they show an occasional awareness of the existence of a "debunking" tradition in modern biography. This awareness is never given full expression, of course, and the result is that the principal characteristic of his direction is a curiously disturbing ambiguity of style. Very often it is hard to determine whether a particular scene is intended to be humorous or pathetic, heroic or mock-heroic. Similarly, his settings are halfway between some kind of facetious stylization and pure Hollywood. Such ambiguity of intention would be altogether fatal in a less fortunate director than Mr. Korda, who has somehow always managed to secure the most effective assistance from his actors.

Much has been written about Elizabeth Bergner, both here and abroad, and with the unanimous opinion that she is a truly distinguished young actress there can be no disagreement. Certainly she saves Mr. Korda's picture at every step; her slightest movement is of more interest than anything else that may be found in it. Yet it must be recognized that Miss Bergner's acting technique, at least as it is revealed in the present picture, is of a kind that is distinctly more appropriate to the stage than to the screen. For most spectators, tired of watching screen players innocent of any kind of technique, this will not, of course, make a great deal of difference. But there are all the same certain rather serious dangers in the use on the screen of methods which have grown out of the spatial limitations of the old-fashioned theater. The greatest of these is the frequent effect of exaggeration resulting from the excessive use of such means of emphasis as physical gesture, facial expression, and movement of the eyes. To mention only the last of these, Miss Bergner, like any well-trained stage performer, has learned a great deal about the use of the eyes, and since she happens in addition to own a pair of unusually beautiful and expressive eyes she tends to make a great deal too much use of them. As a result her efforts to communicate such different emotions as naive wonderment and blank terror often result in nothing more than a uniformly wide-eyed stare. Here the camera should have supplied the emphasis, registered, as is its power, the finer shades and gradations of expression. In a sense, acting for the screen is a subtler business than acting for the stage, for the screen has no need to resort to the frequently rather crude methods enforced on the stage actor by the greater distance between himself and his audience. Compare, for example, in this matter of eyes, the admirable effects which such strictly screen players as Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich sometimes achieve by virtue of their customary restraint in the use of these organs. And for an example of an actress who will illustrate exactly the right balance between histrionic effort and subservience to the powers of the camera, and so the difference between acting for the stage and acting for the screen, one need only recall Miss Bergner's compatriot, Dorothea Wieck, as she was to be seen in "Mädchen in Uniform" and "Cradle Song."

Nothing less than hysteria seems to have attacked the Hollywood producers in their desire to retain their skins in the present state of national embarrassment. In their panic of dread lest they fail to please everybody, they have been reviving every type of situation known to the history of the drama, trying out some new ones, and occasionally attempting to get all in a single film. This last is certainly the case with "Carolina" (Radio City Music Hall) and "Moulin Rouge" (Rivoli), neither of which, however, will really succeed in pleasing everybody. The first is a lavendered version of Paul Green's "House of Connelly," with Lionel Barrymore as the embodiment of Southern frustration and Janet Gaynor as the plucky young Yankee who brings prosperity back to the crumbling mansion by raising tobacco on the old plantation. The emotional climax occurs when Miss Gaynor, dreaming on a swing, has a vision of the mansion as it was in the old days, with half the Confederate army parading into the hallway to the strains of "Dixie." It is perhaps not entirely contradictory that Miss Gaynor, who is the incumbent arch-priestess of the saccharine on the Hollywood screen, nearly always appears in films which bring out the most vulgar and depressing aspects of American idealism. "Carolina" is just possibly a Northern argument for Southern reconstruction. But it is a much stronger argument against the ideals which the North (or Hollywood) holds up for our admiration. In "Moulin Rouge" Constance Bennett is given a "double" role, which means that we are forced to suffer through just twice as much bad acting as would ordinarily be the case. New York has received just one amusing and excellently produced picture from Hollywood within the week. The picture is entitled "It Happened One Night," but discussion of it must wait until a later date.

At least a reference must be made to "The Simple Tailor," an old silent film with musical accompaniment which the Acme has recently seen fit to revive. Belonging to the pre-Eisenstein era in the Russian cinema, it offers little interest apart from its propagandist thesis, which is that revolutionists attached to a special racial group, like the Jews, should distinguish carefully between friends and enemies within their own fields. More rewarding on the Acme bill was a second impression of Dr. Watson's "Lot in Sodom," which remains the most absorbing technical experiment of the year. WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

JACK BEALL is a New York newspaperman.

JOHANNES STEEL is the pseudonym of a German refugee now in the United States who was for several years economic observer attached to the German Department of Commerce. He has contributed articles to various British periodicals, and is the author of "Hitler as Frankenstein," published in England. Mr. Steel visited Vienna on the eve of the recent uprising.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN, a former social worker, is now on the staff of the New York School of Social Work.

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